OUR WONDERFUL GIFT PENS.—See page 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. NO. 581. | SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 330356
For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

ON THE BRINK

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King.

SAVE THE BABIES!

The present appalling infant mortality is largely attributable to improper feeding and *contaminated milk.*

Dairy milk is seldom to be relied upon—it is usually full of germs, contains preservatives, and is otherwise adulterated.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

is the richest, purest milk with *all* the original cream. Baby not only likes Nestlé's, but *digests* it better than dairy milk and thrives on it most splendidly. In the absence of breast-milk it is the first—the only—thing to try; it is *safe*, it is *inexpensive*, it is *sure*.

We hope to supply Nestlé's Milk to our Trade customers in equal quantity to their corresponding purchases of 1916. The public are therefore invited to buy from their regular supplier in order to assist this method of fair distribution.

Nestlé's, 6-8 Eastcheap, E.C. 3

"Make it to-morrow, darling!"

"I'll have the car round early, and we'll go straight to the 'Midland' and furnish our home then and there. You shall have all the beautiful things you've set your heart on. You can't help finding them at the 'Midland': they give you £100,000 worth of furniture to choose from."

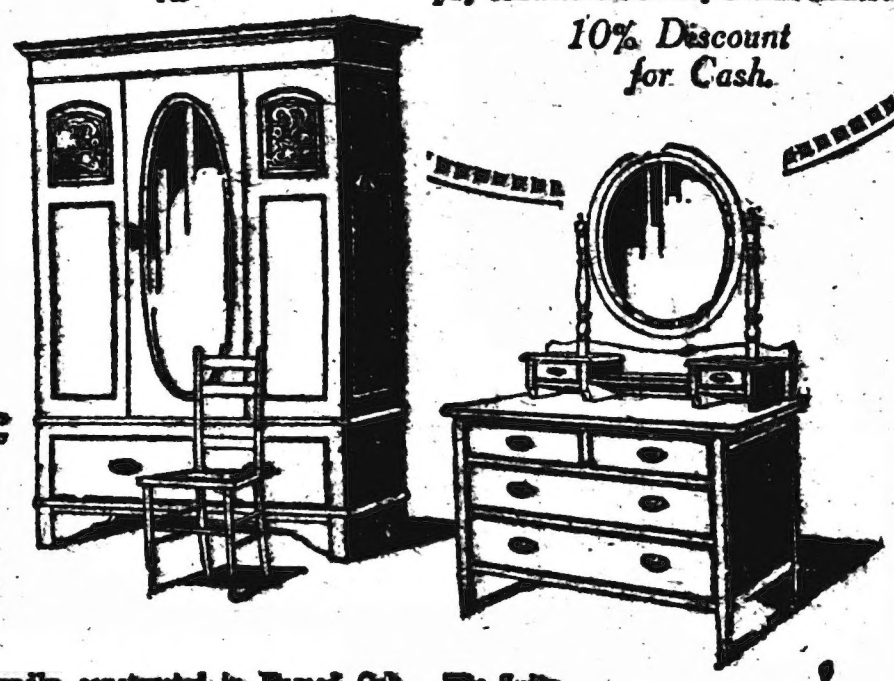
Money buys more at the "Midland"

Compare the plainly marked "Midland" prices with what you would be charged elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. You'll see for yourself that the Midland give you far the best value for every shilling you spend. And the Midland Ideal Terms enable you to get what you want without disturbing your investments, without a penny to pay for interest or any extras whatsoever.

10% Discount for Cash.

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.



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(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £20	5 6
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Handsome Bedroom Suite, soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4 ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; and 2 Chairs . . . . . £24 - 10 - 0

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Script.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

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packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

"What d'ye lack?"

To obtain booklets, etc., fill in and post the INFORMATION COUPON below

Here are some very interesting small advertisements of prominent firms, who, owing to the paper shortage, have adopted this means of keeping the readers of "JOHN BULL" acquainted with their products. You are invited to ask for further particulars on the INFORMATION COUPON below, with full name and address, posting it to—
Dept. I.C., "JOHN BULL," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

To obtain booklets, etc., fill in and post the INFORMATION COUPON below.

10.
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11. **A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.**
If you want to earn more—to 'get on' in life—to attain real success—one of our books will help. Mention No. and letter indicating occupation desired.
11A Munition Work. 11G Mec. Engineering
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I.C.S., Ltd., Kingsway, W.C.2.

12. **FREE**
each month an
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
Bright, helpful and interesting.
- - Just fits the pocket - -
Mention No. 12 on Coupon below.

14. **Is it an ALL-IN Policy?**
THE EAGLE & BRITISH DOMINIONS "ALL-IN" POLICY
gives you protection of your house and home against practically every insurable risk under one Policy, one Premium, one Payment. It is the last word in Domestic Insurance.
Ocean House, Old Broad St., E.C. 2.

1. **A SUPERB SET OF WAR VOLUMES.**
The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe.
Only 5/- down.
A beautiful coloured booklet describing the work FREE and POST FREE.
The Educational Book Co., Ltd., 17. New Bridge St., London, E.C. 4.

2. **5,000**
British Officers and Men (including 20 Generals) and many thousands of business men and women have benefited by a Pelman Training. Quick promotion, increased incomes, greater efficiency. Can be followed by anybody, anywhere. Recommended to his readers by the Editor of "JOHN BULL."

3. **RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS.**
Why suffer? Do your pains shift about at every weather change? Are you subject to recurring catching pains? If so, take Curicones. They cure
RHEUMATISM, ARTHRITIS, SCIATICA, GOUT, NEURITIS.
FREE trial package and interesting book for all sufferers sending name, address and ailment, to
STEPHEN MATTHEWS & Co., LTD., Dept. , 20, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

4. **EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**
OF GUARANTEED QUALITY.
LISTS FREE.
BEES LTD.,
175x. MILL ST., LIVERPOOL.

5. **"Free Hints about your Baby."**
Send for the "Glaxo" Baby Book Free.
"GLAXO,"
155, Gt. Portland Street, London, W. 1.

6. **Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.**
Send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of catarrh, deafness, ear noises, bronchitis, asthma. The book and usual particulars will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Write to the Sole Licensees.
JOHN MORGAN RICHARDS & SONS, LTD. (Dep. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

7. **YOU SHOULD NOT MOVE WITHOUT AN "EVER-READY" ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.**
The Portable Electric Light Company, Ltd.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W. 1.

8. **SAMUEL BROTHERS**
(The Famous Outfitters) LTD.
FREE Publications.
(8a) **"Straight Tips for Subs."** (*For Officer Cadets.*)
(8b) **"Omne Tempus Raincoats."** (*For All.*)
(8c) **"The Seven Ages of Boyhood."** (*For Juveniles.*)
LUDGATE HILL, E.C., & OXFORD CIRCUS, W

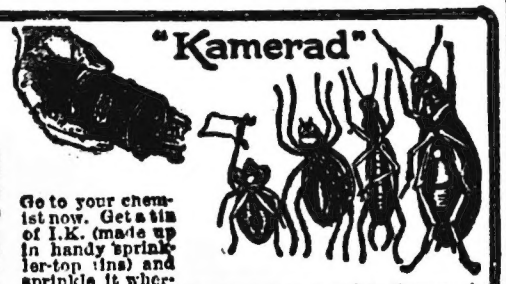
Big **FREE SAMPLE** of
SIMPLE SIMON BLEACHING SOAP.
Simply send full name and address on a postcard **direct to**
CHRISTR THOMAS & CO., LTD., BROAD PLAIN, BRISTOL,
and mention you grocer's name & address.

9. ***Shorthand***
Sloan-Duployan is the only easy system capable of high speed. The ONLY simple system used on the Official Parliamentary Reporting Staff. Send for free handbook with specimen lesson.—SLOAN-DUPLOYAN HEADQRS., DEPT. 18, RAMSGATE.

INFORMATION COUPON.
Address to: Dept. I.C. 7, "JOHN BULL," 85-94, Long Acre, W.C.2.
I am interested in the Advts. numbered*_____
_____ Please ask the firms concerned to send me further particulars as published.
*Where different booklets are offered, mention number and letter.
Name _____
Address in full _____

HAY FEVER
or SUMMER CATARRH
Victims of **Hay Fever** or **Summer Catarrh** will find there is nothing like POND'S EXTRACT to relieve and cure this distressing complaint.
A Professional Nurse, writing from Bromley, Kent, says:—
"I have been a victim of Hay Fever for some years, and just discovered that Pond's Extract is invaluable; it stops immediately, or prevents, the most violent attack of sneezing. It gave me most marvellous relief. I shall certainly not fail to recommend it on every possible occasion.'
POND'S EXTRACT has many other uses, external and internal. It has 70 years' world-wide reputation as the **safest** and **best antiseptic** treatment for **Cuts, Wounds, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Sore Throats, Sore Feet, Insect Stings, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Bleeding** (external and internal), **Piles, Varicose Veins,** etc. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.
Sold in sealed bottles, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s., and book of directions.
POND'S EXTRACT CO. (Dept. 117), 71, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.1
Pond's Extract *The Old Family Doctor*

No quarter given!
That's the beauty of Hawley's I.K. No "nine lives" for Mr. Beetle—or his kin—once he has actually come into contact with I.K. It Kills. Clear germ carrying agents (for that's what these obnoxious insects really are) out of your home for good.
Hawley's
I.K.
Insect Killer.



Go to your chemist now. Get a tin of I.K. (made up in handy sprinkler-top tins) and sprinkle it wherever Beetles and other insect pests exist; they won't exist much longer—I.K. sees to that! I.K. is a sweet smelling fine brown powder, made up in sprinkler-top tins. No mess—no fuss.
Hawley's I.K. should be freely used by all workers in busy industrial centres, and by soldiers in training. It prevents the spread of disease where large numbers of persons are concentrated.
Horticulturists will be well advised to use Hawley's I.K. It's invaluable for destroying Green Fly, etc., on plants.
Send a tin to your Soldier Friend at the Front.
FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.
Manufactured by—
EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB LTD.,
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD
Write for Catalogue of keenly priced Staffordshire Tableware, Ladies' and Children's Wear, Workers' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Lino, Carpets. Patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Raincoats, Mackintoshes, Robes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.
EASY TERMS

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.
We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.*

PLAYER'S

"COUNTRY LIFE" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Pure Virginia Tobacco

Regimental Uniforms: Russian Army Trumpeter, Cossack of the Guard.

10 for 4½D.

50 for 1/10

These cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital. Terms and particulars on application to—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P.652

£1,000 AIRCRAFT INSURANCE FOR £1

The recent Air Raid has brought home to those living or working in the district visited the necessity of taking out insurance against death or disablement.

Through the medium of the "Wheel and Wings" Association, Ltd., the underwriters at Lloyd's are issuing special policies whereby for the very nominal payment of £1 premium they will insure the holder for a year against death or injury caused by aircraft, hostile or otherwise, including bombs, etc., discharged from Aircraft or from Anti-Aircraft guns, Splinters, Shrapnel, Falling Buildings and Glass.

This policy will be issued to ladies as well as men, including Special Constables and members of the V.T.C., and all non-combatants over 16 and under 60 years of age, and will be appreciated by all who have witnessed hostile air raids with their accompanying death-toll and wreckage. Every day you live you run a risk of death or injury—you should therefore insure to-day.

The following table shows the increased benefits receivable:—

INCREASED BENEFITS

£1,000	in event of Death.	£6-0-0	per week during Total Disablement up to 52 weeks.
£1,000	in event of Blindness or the loss of Two Limbs, or any other Injury causing permanent total disablement.	£1-10-0	per week during partial Disablement up to 52 weeks.
£500	in event of Loss of One Eye, Hand, or Foot, or any other injury causing permanent partial disablement.	Medical Expenses	All Medical Expenses up to 15 per cent. of the compensation otherwise payable.

Use the attached Coupon for convenience, enclosing Treasury Note for £1. Insurers are covered immediately the Coupon is received.

Insurance can be increased at proportionate rates up to £5, which secures £5,000 in the event of death, and five times the other benefits.

Policies will also be issued for half the above amounts, viz., £500 in the event of death and half the other Benefits when a treasury note for 10/- should be sent.

"WHEEL & WINGS" ASSOCIATION, Ltd., 33-36, King William St., London, E.C.4.

APPLICATION

John Bull—1.

Name in full.....

Address .....

.....

Occupation .....Age .....

Treasury Notes enclosed value £.....

Date..... Signature.....

"NATIONAL SERVICE" for Boys.

Every boy doing useful work on the land these Holidays will need a

GAMAGE Land Outfit.

Boys' and Youths' Derby Tweed BREECHES, in strong durable brown and light and dark grey. All sizes one price	11/9
PUTTEES to match	3/9
Bedford Cord BREECHES, very smart and serviceable	7/6
Drab Derby Tweed PUTTEES, for wearing with Bedford Cord Breeches	3/9

Patterns free on request.
When ordering please state age.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C 1.

When every mile means toil, it's time you changed your Saddle for a

BROOKS

Then will perfect comfort be assured—from the first mile to the last.

Ask for the BROOKS BOOK.

J.B. BROOKS & Co LTD.

Criterion Wks., BIRMINGHAM.

GREAT SUMMER SALE

Bargains in Linens are being offered in great variety by Robinson and Cleaver, and the opportunity thus afforded should not be missed. Many of the goods will not be obtainable again at the same price, for the price of Linens is still steadily increasing. Therefore you should buy your Linens now. We quote a few examples.

BED LINEN.

Linen Sheets, 2½ x 3 yds., 33/3; 2½ x 3½ yds. 36/-; 2½ x 3½ yds. 38/11 per pair.

Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 x 3½ yds. 25/-, 27/6; 2½ x 3½ yds., 29/-, 35/6; 3 x 3½ yds. 33/- per pair.

Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 in., 25/-, 34/-; 22 x 32 ins., 28/6, 35/ per doz.

HANDKERCHIEFS

Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, with various hems, 7/1, 9/10, 11/-, 13/6, 16/7, 19/9 per doz.

Ladies' Fancy Printed Handkerchiefs, 2/11, 5/1, 5/6 per doz.

Ladies' Superfine Embroidered Mull Handkerchiefs, from 5/6 per doz.

Write for our Sale Catalogue of Bargains in household and fancy linens, towels, dusters, handkerchiefs, &c. Sent post free on request.

Robinson & Cleaver Ltd.
42 & Donegall Place
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

PLAN YOUR HOLIDAY FOR NORBRECK

Ten minutes Coast ride from Blackpool, where you can reap the benefit of the invigorating Westerly Breezes to the full. Here where you can plan your holiday to suit yourself without a dull moment intervening. The Hydro has half a mile of sea-shore in its own grounds; 350 Bedrooms, Hot and Cold Water in each, Electric Lifts, Small Tables in Dining Hall to seat 500, Musical Dinner, Tennis (13 courts), Bowling, Croquet, Clock Golf, Whist Drives, Concerts, Dances, Cinematograph in the evenings. All these included in Tariff. Golf in own grounds. Three Billiard Tables. Splendid Bathing. Motor garage. Luggage free on cars from station to Hydro.

Write NOW for Tariff and Hydro Journal to:—
J. H. Shorrocks, Norbreck Hydro, Near Blackpool.

Don't miss our Advertisements Guarantee on page 4.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 581. Week ending Saturday, July 21st, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Lord Hardinge.

So Mr. Balfour won't "let" him resign! What a game it is! Do you remember, by the way, our protests of two years ago against the Viceroy, as he then was, declining to part with his Hun bandmaster?

"Good Shooting."

"Our shooting was extremely good," we are told apropos of the recent London raid. To miss the lot, lose two machines, and nearly fifty lives, seems to our lay mind a queer justification of that tribute.

London's Air Defences.

So we have to reconcile ourselves to the fact that we are so short of first-class aircraft that whenever Lord French's squadrons are wanted at the front, we must be prepared to live in the coal cellar. Very well—so long as we know.

The Cat Jumps.

As we go to press, we have before us a letter from Lord George Hamilton, addressed to the *Times*, in which he reveals the interesting fact that the primary object of the Mesopotamia Commission was to save the faces of the Asquith Ministry. What a game it is!

"Norman" Blood.

Mr. C. H. Norman, who regards the killing of Germans as murder, says that "JOHN BULL is allowed to advocate violence as a means of preventing pacifist meetings." On the contrary, we say *leave them alone!* No "Norman" blood for us.

At Queen's Hall.

What a wonderful demonstration that was at Queen's Hall the other night, calling for the punishment of the Mesopotamia culprits! With very little publicity, the great hall was packed—and we hope that the Government representative who was present gave a true report of the proceedings. With the exception of the *Financial News*, the papers all bowed to the warning of the Censor and gave only meagre reports.

That Settles It.

This is how a pacifist writer in *Everyman* proves that the Peace press is more popular than the saner journals: "I asked for the *Labour Leader* and the *Herald*, but was told, 'Sold out'; of JOHN BULL and the *Daily Mail* I could have had a pile." It is evidently time Lord Northcliffe and ourselves shut up shop!

Palestine.

Get ready for another shock—but no more Royal Commissions, *if* you please!

Mr. Bonar Law's "Answers."

Isn't the Leader of the House just a little overdoing it in the way of curtness and brevity when replying to questions?

Ireland.

East Clare settles it. We shall have to disclose *our* plan, we fear, after all. But we'll wait till the Convention has had its opportunity.

War Bread.

When is this poisonous monstrosity to cease? It is doing infinite harm to the health of the community—and we always understood *Salus populi suprema lex.*

Coventry Ordnance Works.

Can any reader give us the name of the Transport Manager of these works? We have a special reason for asking.

Sir William Meyer.

And can any reader oblige us with the birthplace of this eminent Indian official? The reference books are silent on the subject.

St. Ermin's.

"Is it the fact," asks a reader, "that at St. Ermin's Hotel there is £10,000 worth of printing *re* National Service, practically wasted?" How *can* we say?

The Newest Testament.

Thus the Rev. J. Allen Morris, B.A., of Wibsey: "If fathers paid more heed to the opinions expressed in JOHN BULL than to the New Testament, it was no surprise to find the boys growing up heedless of Christian precepts"—such as "love thine enemy," and "turn the other cheek," we suppose! The Bible is a beautiful book, but it was written a long time ago. We said that Mr. Morris is a B.A.

The Gift House.

Will you kindly send or bring the goods to the Gift House, 20, King Street, St. James', S.W.? You will be helping the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund. Every kind of article is received—from beautiful antiques to humble household trifles. And, on the other hand, readers who wish to buy a birthday or wedding present should make their way to the Gift House. Lady Reading will be delighted to "serve" you.

Insure FREE before the next big Raid. See Coupon, page iii of Cover.

Revelation.

From Coventry we are informed that friendless girls working on munitions are "sent to the workhouse immediately they are ill, and have as much as 10s. a week deducted from their wages for their maintenance while they remain in the workhouse." What says the Minister of Munitions to that?

Freights.

"Sir," writes "Importer," "Shipping freights are to-day several times as much as before the war. When Mr. Bonar Law introduced his Budget he stated that the Government had taken over the entire British shipping." Mr. Bonar Law told a thundering whopper. Shipping has taken over the entire British Government.

Bernstoff's Boxes.

"Would it not be very interesting," asks an Acton reader, "to know the result of the search of American Ambassador Bernstorff's luggage—seized, as you recall, and brought to the British Foreign Office for examination?" All that leaked out was a suit of pyjamas and other things. About the other things the reticence is extremely official.

Unexploded.

It is recorded that after producing to members of the House of Commons an unexploded British shell which dropped into his office through two floors, Sir Henry Dalziel "flung it on to the woodwork of the bench behind him with a thud." One of these quiet evenings, when no one is looking, can he not attach something to it which will make it go off, and deposit it in the "Mum-and-Bluff" Department of the War Council?

Safety First.

A worker in an explosives factory somewhere in Kent complains that, when there is an air-raid warning, he is permitted to seek safety by going only about as far as he could run in two minutes. And a worker in another factory somewhere in Essex says that, in similar circumstances, all the girls are forced to remain in the sheds where the explosives are. The Munitions Ministry should formulate a uniform rule permitting exit from the danger zone in reasonable time.

Forbidden Food.

In every way we desire to acknowledge, gratefully and gladly, the good work done by the Central Prisoners of War Committee, which works under the Red Cross and the Order of St. John. But—and oh, the pity of a "but"!—we do beg that Committee not to interfere with the sending of parcels to a soldier in a German prison by a lady in England, just because the lady is the soldier's sweetheart, and not his wife. If there is a question of "morality," is that a reason why a brave man should hunger in captivity? Surely these are days for broad minds, and for spacious forgiveness. Feed the man first, and talk—if talk you must—afterwards.

Injury and Insult.

Regarding parcels, this nearly "wins it": A London man sent one, last November, to his son on board ship. It was returned to him from Devonport Dockyard on July 9th—nearly eight months later. It had been broken open, some of the contents stolen, refilled with sacking and sawdust, and again sewed up. The goods remaining in it were mouldy and rotten, which explains why they were returned. From Devonport also came a consignment note, saying the parcel was on rail, and asking for a receipt for goods delivered in sound condition. But the recipient does not feel equal to such a lie.

One of the R.I.C.

After nine years in the Royal Irish Constabulary, a man joined up in response to an appeal, and, at his own persistent request, got out to the trenches in France. After five months he was sent home to hospital, and ultimately discharged as medically unfit for more war service. And now he is told the R.I.C. will not re-admit him to its ranks, although the surgeon to that force can see no reason for his exclusion. Having done his bit, is Ireland so full of good men that it can afford to ignore this very good man?

One Offence, Two Penalties.

A taxi-driver, with a record unsmirched, took a fare to Bexhill. There the police asked for his licence. He produced it, but it had just run out. That was his error, and it meant a summons. At Lewes he was stopped again. To his annoyance, he found that meant another summons; and he has had to pay two fines and to see his licence twice endorsed—for one simple offence. If it is any consolation, we must congratulate him on not being stopped in every parish on the way home.

John Bull in Action.

Our circulation is extending wide and far. A few days ago we received from one of the boys at the Front a copy of John Bull, sadly torn and tattered, with an interesting letter, stating that the paper had been found in a German trench, "on the site of one of our recent successes." Almost by the same post came a severely wounded copy of our issue of May 26th last, sent by a signaller who explains that, but for a happy accident, he might have been bombed instead of John Bull. We thank our correspondents for these interesting souvenirs, and wish them the best of luck.

"Decency" Really Devilish.

There is a reason why Germans in France bury at least one British soldier among their own dead, and put a cross decently over him. It is to protect the monuments they have set up in the old churchyards they have desecrated. One of these monuments is described as hideous—exhibiting, as it does, Zeppelins, submarines, "flamewerfers," and other instruments of Hunnish frightfulness. By erecting a cross to a British soldier among such monstrosities they expect their own horrible records to remain unmolested. It is the cunning of the foul Fiend.

Not Making Hay.

Flaunting on the Salford tramcars are placards reading: "The Hay Harvest. Wanted at once 10,000 able-bodied men. Take a week's holiday Haymaking in Cheshire." One man who responded was told at the Town Hall that he was useless just then, and he could only put his name down and see what turned up later. They referred him to Manchester, and he learned there that only part-time service was wanted—say, one or two days weekly. And an official blandly mused, "Wonder who put those notices on the Salford cars." It may have been some official who wanted to make a show for his salary.

A Man and a Skunk.

Lieutenant Cheesman, after four operations following wounds, got wheeled out of hospital at Brighton in a spinal carriage. Three days after, he hobbled as far as the pier, only to see a little girl on the point of drowning. Lieutenant Cheesman threw aside his crutches, cast off his tunic, dived for the girl, and brought her back safely to the pier. They took him to the hospital, and he had to be put under chloroform at once because his wounds had reopened. That is a tale of a real man. While he was saving the little one's life and endangering his own, somebody stole his gold watch and £5 in notes. That is a tale of as mean a skunk as ever deserved a rope.

"John Bull" Pens for "John Bull" Readers. See coupon, page 15.

Channel Crossings.

It is passing strange why so many vessels trading across Channel are compelled to voyage by night. Sometimes ten or a dozen journey in line, under escort. Each has to keep a considerable distance from its fellows, and its only lights are stern lights. A submarine can remain on the surface at night without being seen—but it can see those lights. A daylight passage, with proper escort, would be far safer and less nerve-racking.

A Cheeky Clerk.

"A few days ago," writes a seafaring reader, "the vessel I was serving aboard as cook was torpedoed and sunk in three minutes." However, this is not our friend's complaint. It seems that while he was at sea he was called up for military service, and his mother, going to the local Recruiting Office to explain the situation, was first of all "kept waiting while the staff finished a game of bridge," and afterwards treated with great rudeness by the young man in charge. It was monstrous that the mother of a brave sailor should be treated in such a fashion. That ill-behaved young puppy would evidently be the better for a little of the military discipline he has somehow contrived to escape.

Croydon Contracts.

Croydon Police Court had to hand over to the military an "absentee," who happens to be half-paralysed, and can only hobble about. The Chairman of the Bench described him as such an absolute crock that he really required somebody to take care of him. Croydon Town Council, on the other hand, has been considering its crowds of employees fit for military or national service. Every department seems to shield them. To take one item out of many:—"Beddington Farm and Sewage Works.—Men over military age, 43; of military age, 17. None over age can be spared for National Service; majority of military age are engaged in certified occupations." There they are, you see; and there they seem to stay.

Dr. Saleeby.

Dr. Saleeby, the pumpuritan young gentleman who is so constantly spreading himself out in the Cocoa Press and the Prohibition advertisements, will probably not appreciate the comments of the *Medical Times* on his lecture, "Saving the Future." "Dr. Saleeby," it remarks, "would be showing his public spirit and patriotism more practically if he were to hurry off to France and do his level best to save the present either by attending to the needs of the sick and wounded, or, if not keen on that job, to take command of a machine gun or do a little bomb-throwing." It should be explained that this pushful young medico, so fond of cavorting round the pump in a blaze of lights, was deposited on this earth in 1878.

Order of the Boot.

Numerous cases reported to us prove that the Government are doing nothing whatever to protect discharged soldiers in their jobs at munitions. That is not only a shame—it is a betrayal. A soldier, discharged with shell shock, and who has been employed in No. 8 Filling Factory, Southwark, was, with many other discharged soldiers, given notice without any reason at all. When he visited the place next morning he found to his surprise that girls in trousers and coats were doing the work. "Do you think," demands the ex-soldier, "that this is fair after men have been broken in the service of their country?" There is only one answer, and we have already made it. Dilution is one thing; to employ women to blackleg such men and take away their means of livelihood is another. If the Government cannot be efficient, they might be decent.

A Stupid Blunder.

Not long ago, a soldier of the King's Liverpool Regiment, now doing garrison duty at Cyprus, was marched through the streets handcuffed and escorted by five Zaptes (Cyprus police, who are either Greeks or Turks) with fixed bayonets. That is not a sight which helps to maintain British authority among a population containing many hostile elements.

Law and Order.

At the Kingscourt (Ireland) Sessions the other day, a local shop-assistant was charged with plucking a military decoration from the coat of an ex-soldier, to the accompaniment of insulting speech, contrary to the provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act. From the outset it was evident that Mr. W. O'Reilly, the Resident Magistrate, regarded the case seriously, and no one was surprised when, finally, the learned gentleman set his teeth, squared his jaw, and fined the culprit a whole shilling. The Kingscourt Bench is evidently determined to put down sedition with an iron hand.

A Penitent Scamp.

At Middlesex Sessions they gave a young man named Hayson 14 months for stealing twopence from the poor-box at Harrow Church. He said he committed the crime to draw attention to his case. He has a bad prison record which he wants to wipe out. He is fit, never ill in his life, "but the sergeant-major found out he had been in prison, and he was only passed C3." He has been refused another examination; the French Foreign Legion, willing to overlook prison, cannot take him because of his category. It seems sadly like a man wasted in gaol and refused a chance to make good.

Derelict Gifts.

Cornflour is a valuable article of food. Some people, who should be among the first to appreciate that fact, have failed to do so. There are now lying, and there have been lying for more than twelve months, in D shed, Victoria Dock, 100 cases of cornflour, each containing 40 one pound packets, presented by subscribers of the *Brisbane Courier* to the "War Food Fund." There are, in addition, numbers of other packages of gifts lying in other sheds, where they have also remained for over a year. The callousness of officials that permits such studied ignoring of friendly, valuable gifts almost amounts to impertinent brutality.

Army Farriery.

This tip about waste should be interesting to the proper Department. To the front are sent horse-shoes and mule-shoes, in boxes of about 30 pairs each. With them go a bag of frost nails and a bag of frost screw-nuts for fixing in frost holes. The frost nails are easy to use, and are used; the nuts are thrown away—in such numbers that streams are sometimes stopped up by them. The frost holes—each costing a penny to drill in the shoes—are not used, and they weaken the shoes; if the shoes have to be made larger, as often happens, they snap at the holes. This is useful information, if anybody is wise enough to utilise it.

"The Biggest."

This is "Official":—*The Chairman of Strood Rural Tribunal:* "When are we going to get a chance to deal with Curtiss and Harvey's funk-hole? Hundreds and hundreds of young men are in there, and it is perfectly sickening to see them going there every day." *Mr. Booth:* "You have only to walk over Rochester Bridge at mid-day to see many scores of young men, and many of them unskilled, who are hiding in works in the locality." *The Chairman:* "I should think Curtiss and Harvey's is the biggest funk-hole in Great Britain." Unofficially, we hear there are 800 single young men doing work that could be done by men who have lost a limb.

"Bullets"—the Hot Weather Competition. See page 20.

THE "SECRETS" OF THE SECRET SESSION.

THE AIR DEBATE—AND THE PROSECUTION OF THE CULPRITS.

By N. Pemberton Billing, M.P.

SOLEMNLY, precisely, at fifteen minutes past eight of the clock on Monday the ninth of July, the Prime Minister rose in the House of Commons. Solemnly he informed the Speaker that he "espied strangers," as solemnly the Speaker ordered those "strangers" to withdraw, whereupon Pressmen and others filed forth from the Chamber leaving therein the "representatives" of the people to sit in secret conclave. All done decently and in order—but what a pompous farce it was, the affectation of secrecy the most farcical feature about it! For in that Chamber, authorised to listen to whatever "secrets" might be divulged, were not a few men who, I am satisfied, are in sympathy with the enemy. I said so, openly, and it made some very angry. They shouted "Shame!" and I said, "Listen to them squealing." There followed a most curious silence. But there were no secrets after all—or one only, which certainly was preserved with such care that the public report was actually falsified for the purpose. The one thing they dare not tell the public—and assuredly it wasn't worth transmitting to Germany!—was that the Debate on the Adjournment of the Secret Session was not "talked out," as announced, but "counted out," quite a different thing. When the Speaker eventually called me, the Whips got to work instantly; most of the Members, to continue the simile, like obedient hounds, obeyed the summons and took themselves off. Then Mr. Tim Healy, of County Cork—an Irishman whose constituents have not been bombed, and whose interests in our ultimate victory may not be as vital as those of others—promptly "counted me out." History repeats itself. Just about a year ago they counted me out when I was telling them what would happen—what has happened to-day. On Monday they counted me out when I was telling them what would happen to-morrow.

"What I Say Three Times *Must* be True."

As for the "secret session" itself, Mr. Lloyd George made a speech of about five minutes' duration; and, so as to emphasise it I suppose, he made it three times, thus accounting for fifteen minutes. He told us that "aeroplanes were essential to the winning of the war," that they would probably be "*the* decisive factor"—assertions that sounded strangely familiar to me. Where had *I*—or, rather, where had *he*—heard them before? He told us that we mustn't rob the Western Front of aeroplanes. Agreed! He told us we mustn't get panicky in England. Agreed! He told us we must suffer anything to win this war. Agreed! But he did *not* tell us the one thing the country wants to know, even if the House of Commons doesn't—and that is: *Who is going to be court-martialled and shot* as responsible for the disgraceful state of the defences of this country, and for the fact that, after nearly three years of war and many years of warning, our Air Service is still as destitute of policy and organisation as it was a year ago—as it has been from the first? A year ago, for eleven days I sat before the now notorious Air Inquiry Commission, composed for the most part of legal luminaries whose knowledge of the subtleties of the law was only surpassed by their ignorance of the realities of war, or of the very construction—let alone the potentialities—of an aeroplane. As I write, on the table before me are the eleven bulky volumes containing the record of my evidence given at that Inquiry. To the legal minds which weighed that evidence, it "lacked corroboration." They said I "brought no witnesses." Truly, the whirligig of time has brought about its revenges—tragically enough for those, the slaughtered innocents, whom I would fain have saved. The truth of the charges I then brought against the administrators of the Air Services was terribly proved last Saturday week by "a great cloud of witnesses"—those German aeroplanes that soared over the City of London and rained bombs upon it! The crowded House was significant, not of the earnest desire of our legislators to face and possibly solve a most grave and menacing problem, but of their idle curiosity. The moment Mr. Lloyd George rose, the occupants of the thronged benches leant forward, open-mouthed, like children at a picture palace, straining their ears to hear—what?

Absolutely Nothing of any Importance.

The only statement the Prime Minister made that it might have been inadvisable to make in open session—*and assuming that the very fact that information is given in Secret Session does not accelerate the speed with which the Government's deliberations are transmitted to Germany, which is a very big assumption!*—was the number of machines we are making provision to produce from now onwards. Not what we have done, or are doing, mark you; but what we're "going to do." The same old story! And what is the sequel? Within twenty-four hours, the Minister of Munitions, in an "interview" issued for broadcast publication, gave away not only this very information, but infinitely more; making the admission that we were short of steel, short of spruce, short of mahogany—the very essentials of construction necessary to the fulfilment of Lloyd George's promises. This "Secret Session," in brief, was a mere parliamentary expedient to gain a brief interval of time, in a moment of great perturbation—instituted for the purpose of avoiding a public explanation and for making in private provisionary promises of a purely problematic nature.

"Wait and Suffer."

Possibly the most amazing and distressing sequel to the whole matter is the Prime Minister's statement on Friday to the deputation which waited on him—a statement that in his endeavour to save the reputation of a discredited air administration constituted an accusation delivered by way of an unpardonable innuendo against our priceless pilots. He said, "The actual fact is that a greater number of our first-class fighting aircraft went up on our side than the total number of hostile aircraft that came over"—words that suggest to the public that our enemy is supreme in the air, individually if not numerically; a cruel slander on the bravery and skill of our own pilots. How long, I ask, are the officers and men who, despite all, are sacrificing all to win us this war, to be maligned by the politicians and the military bunglers in their endeavour to save themselves? I challenge Mr. Lloyd George to repeat in the House of Commons in open debate the statement he made to the deputation on Friday, and I advise him to pause and inquire closely into the source of his information before he does so. I would remind him that General Sir David Henderson, Director General of Military Aeronautics, who supplied him with the material to hurl insult alike at the intelligence of the public and our own heroic airmen—men who have served him so faithfully—is the one man who stands condemned in the public eye as responsible for the humiliation and the tragedy we suffered at the hands of our enemy on Black Saturday, July 7th. Six months ago the country rejoiced in the change of Government. Has it merely exchanged one that bade it "Wait and See" for another that makes it "Wait and Suffer"?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—So far, the War Office has done nothing to carry out the recommendations of the Committee on the grievances of the Special Reserve of Territorial officers. You presided over that Committee—your Report was unanimous, and it has been in the hands of the War Office more than two months. You know the genuineness of the grievances. There are many old Militia and Territorial officers who have been attached to Regular regiments since the beginning of the war; they have run all the risks at the front, and yet have never received more than "acting" promotion, and are superseded by youngsters with no fighting experience merely because they are Regulars. Can't you worry the War Office to hurry up and do justice to good and gallant men?

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Dalmeny.

MY NOBLE LORD,—Doesn't it occur to you—I write in all friendliness—that it would be far more seemly for you and your wife to cleanse your dirty linen, so to speak, in the privacy of your own wash-house? As things are, I positively blush for you. First, I read your announcement in the newspapers that you will not be responsible for the debts of your lawful wife; while, a week or so later, the good lady rejoins with an equally public statement of her domestic embarrassments and other matters of strictly private concern. This kind of thing may be all very well for Mr. Smith of Clapham, or Mr. Jones of Tooting, but for a gentleman who will some day be Earl of Rosebery and Midlothian—well, well, my Lord; *Noblesse oblige!*

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Alderman Angell, Chairman, Sheffield Watch Committee.

DEAR SIR,—I see that your pretty and petty scheme of Sunday trading persecution, under which ninety small shopkeepers were summoned, has been knocked on the head. I am glad to notice that at the outset you received a Roland for your Oliver, counsel having applied for counter summonses against two Sheffield newspapers for printing their papers on Sunday, and against the Lord Mayor and members of the Watch Committee—including, I suppose, your angelic self—for "aiding and abetting by purchasing the papers on Monday." Whether or not the Magistrates would have granted these applications—which appear to me to be legally sound—they at any rate served to illustrate the absurdity and injustice of your plans for the oppression of the small trader. Perhaps now you will cease your troubling and leave decent persons to their legitimate business.

JOHN BULL.

To Officers of the R.F.C.

DEAR BOYS,—It is rather late in the day to mention a matter that troubled me when I first read of it, and which I had concluded to pass over in sorrow. But so many of my readers have written in protest—readers of all classes, British and Colonials too—that I am bound to accept the people's verdict, and to call you to book. It concerns your action on the occasion of the funeral of a Zeppelin crew, when you placed on the coffin of the Commander a wreath, tied with your colours, and inscribed, "To a very brave enemy, from the R.F.C. officers." The mothers and fathers, aye, and the widows and widowers, are crying out against the glorification of that foul slaughterer of their loved ones. That baby killer—a "very brave enemy"! Don't do it again, gentlemen; it hurts.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Dr. John Perceval, D.D., Bishop's Palace, Hereford.

DEAR MY LORD BISHOP,—After twenty-two years in the bishopric of Hereford, with a salary of £4,200 a year, your Lordship at the age of 83 announces that you have decided to "retire next spring if your health shows no sign of improvement," and meanwhile you ask the indulgence of the clergy and laity of the diocese for your deficiencies. Is that quite in the right form, do you think, now that you have arrived at the conviction that you are no longer equal to your duties?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir J. West Ridgeway.

SIR,—Unless you are anxious to provoke the very trouble you say you fear, I cannot account for your mischievous remarks in the *Westminster Gazette*. In the course of an article on the Mesopotamia Report, you declare that "India may naturally infer" from it "that Great Britain does not rule India for the good of that country, but to serve its own purpose, and that it intends the Indian Army to be the instrument of its European military policy." These are mischievous words and you might have known better than to use them. India has gladly and bravely taken its part in this war, and her princes as well as her people understand what you evidently are too mentally blind to see—that it is to "serve the purpose" of India just as much as any other part of the Empire that we are engaged in this fight against a cruel foe who would dethrone Liberty and enslave the native peoples of the world. Open your eyes!

JOHN BULL.

To J. A. Hawke, Esq., K.C., Recorder, Plymouth.

SIR,—At the Quarter Sessions you had before you Edwin Frederick Bodenham, aged 34, who was found guilty of stealing a motor car. You were further informed by Det.-Sergt. Gale, of the City of London Police, of the man's record, and of his previous convictions for obtaining money under false pretences—including the victimising of working-class people who sought to emigrate. What I should have thought added to the man's criminality was the testimony that he possessed "considerable ability if he chose to lead an honest life." Yet in sentencing him to 12 months' imprisonment you favoured him with the Second Division—for what reason?—"as prisoner was not of the class which usually found itself in prison." In my view that is a wrong attitude for a judge to assume. His very "class" added to the gravity of his offence, and yet you gave him the milder form of imprisonment. Had he been of a lower class he would have gone to hard labour. Oh, you Judges!

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. Meddings, Rector of St. Margaret's, Lee, London, S.E.

DEAR PARSON,—I observe that when you recently declared from the pulpit in clarion tones "Bachelors must be taxed," a smile relieved the solemnity of the occasion, although whether the people who smiled were the bachelors or the fathers of families I am unable to say. At any rate, you are to be congratulated upon having ventured to deal with a live subject in a lively way, and in principle I accept your conclusion that for the future, in view of the Empire's vital needs, "the childless home must be made to minister to the homes that are not childless." There are some questions which certain of the clergy think it right to deal with in the mixed audience of a church which only pander to the prurient-minded and do more harm than good. But I am of the view that there are many subjects which are proper matters for pulpit utterances—subjects which help to keep the Church in touch with the people. That such practical problems as you raised should be freely discussed in one of our pulpits is a hopeful sign of the times. Continue with the good work!

JOHN BULL.

To H. J. Waters, Esq., Norfolk County Council.

SIR,—You and others of your kidney are quite content to allow the rising generation to be taught by the miserable creatures who object to fighting for their country while the fathers and brothers of the children are risking their lives at the front. Such a speech as that made by you the other day in favour of a young teacher—one of the C.O. tribe—being given a rise in position and salary—from £30 to £90 per annum—is an insult to intelligence and patriotism. To class the Objects with Martin Luther and John Bunyan is to talk like a fool. "Because a man is in a small minority, it ought not to be assumed," you argued, "that he was necessarily wrong," and you made play with the fact that Parliament had refused to deprive Objects of the vote. I am thankful to know that the majority of your colleagues took the patriotic and sane view, and left you in a minority of the wrong-headed and the wrong-hearted. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

JOHN BULL.

LORD RHONDDA AND THE PROFITEERS.

HAPPY IS THE MAN WHO CAN LIVE UP TO A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

By A. G. Hales.

THIS present Parliament is rotten very nearly all the way through; yet, as rotten fruit will cling to the bough until the wind shakes it to the ground, so the politicians cling to place and power in spite of the openly-expressed contempt of the nation. But there is one man on whom the British public now focuses its almost undivided attention. That man is the present Controller of Food, Lord Rhondda. It is safe to say there is not in this realm one solitary decent man or woman who is not wishful that Lord Rhondda may have a full, just and honest trial in connection with the onerous duties he has undertaken; for it is the desire of all, except the venial and corrupt, that he shall prove successful in every particular, right up to the hilt. The people are not stupid; they know that Lord Rhondda's task is gigantic. But they believe he is a man of iron—the real thing. Not a wooden image painted to look like iron, but the real thing. They expect much from him. If he lives up to the people's hopes and expectations, he will win the undying love and esteem of a generous people; if he fails through lack of courage and force of character, it were better for him that a millstone were fastened round his neck and that he were cast into the sea—for the British nation is becoming bitter over the contemplation of its broken and breaking idols, and the people's day of reckoning, though long deferred, will surely come; and when it comes, in all its rugged strength and austerity, may Heaven pity those upon whom its anger falls!

What Rhondda has a Right to Expect.

Whilst his feet are upon the very threshold of his vast task, Lord Rhondda has the inalienable right to expect patience and sympathetic assistance from all kinds and conditions of men and women, except the gang of blackmailers who have been plundering the coffers of the nation of that very money which for three years past should have been spent in building aircraft for the defence of the people of Britain from outrage and murder. Since the last German raid upon London, Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have stated in Parliament that if it had not been for strikes in Britain we should have had one hundred and sixty more aircraft than we now possess; he might have added with more reason that if the tens of millions of hard cash plundered from the State by the profiteering pirates of British birth had been spent legitimately upon aircraft manufacture, we should have three thousand more machines of fighting capacity than we now have, and highly-trained crews to man them. Lord Rhondda has the right to expect unflagging help from men inside and outside Parliament, to enable him not only to stop future brigandage on the part of the gang of highly-placed profiteers, but to bring the rascals to justice and to put them between the upper and the nether millstones of the law and squeeze the uttermost farthing of their unholy gains out of them. Lord Rhondda has the right to expect freedom from harassing criticism whilst he is shaping his campaign against the harpies who have had their arms to the elbows in the public purse, and he has the right to the whole-hearted support of the Government in any effort he may make to bring to justice the culprits, no matter how influential or highly placed. Justice—just that and no more, no less. He has spoken boldly; let him act bravely without fear or favour, and he will find five and forty millions of determined men and women at his back, who will see him through and stand by him without flinching; if he finds that he is being hampered in his endeavours to do right, let him stand up like a true man and say so—the ears of the people will be open, they will never refuse to listen to him; they look upon him as their champion against the powers that bow down to the golden calf. They expect him to stand by his guns, to fight for their welfare, for his own honour, and for justice in all its rugged purity. Never did a statesman have a finer chance to prove his mettle than Lord Rhondda has to-day. It is easily within his power—if he is big enough for the effort, as I hope and believe he is—to make himself the greatest force in the Empire. The mountain is high; its upward slopes are rough with obstacles and perilous with crevasses, and many an avalanche may sweep down upon him from the upper reaches where the money thieves sit entrenched. But on the topmost heights the sun shines and the air is so pure and sweet, and it is to the highest pinnacles of purity that Lord Rhondda's will-power, courage and indomitable resolution must carry him if he is to win the gratitude and admiration of the British people—for they are sick unto death of the uncleanness and grasping dishonesty that have come into being since the outbreak of war.

The Demands of Democracy.

Every class has been plundered for three years past; but no class has felt the wholesale thieving like the men and women of small means and small earnings. Those who were better circumstanced grumbled whilst the Philistines despoiled them, but they had resources to draw upon; their less fortunate compatriots saw the very food and clothing and coal for winter's firing rushed up beyond the bounds of reason in order that a few men might become millionaires—and they who were poor had to deny themselves the things which meant life and health to them and to their families. They know that the summer months will soon slip by and winter be with them, when all the conditions of life will be harder than ever unless Lord Rhondda breaks down the barriers, and sets the necessities of existence upon an equitable basis. Their demand is that Lord Rhondda shall at the very earliest possible moment fix the retail prices of everything that men eat, drink, burn or wear and live in as nearly as possible at normal peace rates—they will not, they cannot, go on paying through the nose for the staple necessaries of life. There is no valid reason why they should; there is not—there never has been—a just cause for the abnormal increase in prices, and the people know it now—they know they have been heartlessly fleeced. Whilst I do not wish to hold out anything that bears the semblance of a threat, I say without fear or hesitation that the nation will not submit to another winter of robbery and extortion—nor will their opposition be confined to words; the limit of British endurance has been reached, and they who sow the storm will reap the whirlwind. I hope Lord Rhondda realises how fully the nation trusts him, and how much is expected of him—he is believed to be a man of adamantine courage, and boundless honesty and great ability. Only one man can lower him in the public estimation—that man is Lord Rhondda himself; he is the arbiter of his own destiny, and if he fails he will be his own accuser. He must be as pitiless as a storm to the horde of rascals who have worked so much misery; let him realise that we look upon him by virtue of his stupendous office as the vial of God—the instrument of righteous punishment, the avenger of the weak and poor. May his courage be equal to his task!

SMALL PROFIT AND A QUICK RETURN.

LORD FRENCH (Home Defence): "Give me back my machines, please!"

MILITARY PERSECUTION.

WILLING SOLDIER'S UNHAPPY FATE.

In the early days of the war, Mr. Jack Rickerson, a patriotic young Englishman, who some years previously had emigrated to Alabama, returned to the old country with the idea of joining the Army. His first experience was unfortunate. Visiting his mother at Belton, near Great Yarmouth, a prohibited area under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, Rickerson—arriving home in the early hours of the morning—omitted to fill up the form prescribed in such cases, and for this neglect was summoned at the Lowestoft Police Court. Before the hearing the good fellow had actually joined the Army; however, the Magistrates thought fit to fine him £1. This was a poor enough reception for a man who, at considerable sacrifice, had crossed the Atlantic to serve his country, but unfortunately the story does not end there. For some reason or other the military authorities seem to have conceived an unreasoning animosity towards the man, and from the date of his enlistment he has been subjected to one indignity after another—in fact, treated more as a criminal than as a loyal volunteer. In the first days of his Army service he was confined to barracks with no apparent justification. Later on, when his child became seriously ill—he had brought his wife and family with him from the United States—he was refused leave to go home, and afterwards, when the little one had died, he was permitted to attend its funeral only under special escort. Finally, these hardships culminated in a charge of "making a false statement upon attestation," which—although, as far as we can discover, there was not a shred of serious evidence against the man—resulted in a trial by Court-Martial and sentence of one month's detention. In these painful circumstances Private Rickerson—whose enlistment was, of course, entirely voluntary—might be forgiven if he wished himself back in Alabama, and it says much for the man that his patriotic spirit is still unquenched. On the facts before us, however, he seems clearly entitled to a full inquiry into his case, and, in the meantime, we have a right to demand, in the name of the public, that this miserable persecution shall cease.

A HUN IN CAMP.

"BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE WAR OFFICE."

The War Office is always trying to break its own record; sometimes, as in the following case, it nearly succeeds: Otto Fritsch, alias Fitch, had been, since November last, in the employ, as a waiter, of the Army Canteen Committee, at Heytesbury and Codford. Several times the War Office had been communicated with by the Superintendent concerning the man, but nothing was done. He was still allowed to remain at large in a camp full of soldiers, though he owned to being a German subject, born in German Poland. Not a step was taken towards restraining his activities or restricting his movements until—incredible as it may appear—the man himself took that step. He, Fritsch, wrote to the Superintendent: "Just a few lines to let you know that I am fed up with the British Government. Do you mean to say that while my father is interned I am going to fight against him? . . . No! Well, sir, what I am intending to do is this: I want to go to Germany, to go to Kiel Harbour and join the German Navy. I know for a fact that the A.C.C. is not Government, but a lot of swindling. I am very sorry, sir, but I must have justice—socialism—for that will break the war." After that very "candid communication" something was done. The man was charged with failing to register under the Aliens' Restriction Order, and he was sent to prison for two months without hard labour, the Home Office to be written to with a view to his internment. It seems to us that the persons who employed him so long in military canteens—who smiled upon his Hun origin, and allowed him liberty until practically *he* refused any longer—were almost on the same level of guilt with him, because they knew of his offence and permitted it. It is a shocking exposure of official complacence and unconcern, and it is the kind of gross mistake which gives us furiously to wonder how far that Hidden Hand reaches—continuing to protect the Hun in our midst and refusing to put every alien enemy under lock and key. The United States has already realised the enemy danger at home, and taken steps to circumvent it. Shall we ever learn wisdom?

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One More Warning to Ministers—A Tragi

By THE E

WITH all deliberation, and with a full sense of responsibility, I warn the Government that they are in imminent peril of provoking the country into a state of dangerous dissatisfaction. This tragic farce arising out of the awful crimes of Mesopotamia must cease! The nation will not be content to look on with languid unconcern while Ministers vent their petty spite upon the men who have called them to account, and attempt to weight the scales of Justice in their own favour. That Report of the Royal Commission—crimson with accusation, blood-red with its stories of criminal neglect and callous incompetence—is for all men to read. It accuses officers and civilians alike—gallant soldiers who at least risk their lives on the stricken field, and miserable officials safe from physical harm in the dug-outs of the India Office. It also condemns the whole of the late War Cabinet. I warned my readers a fortnight ago that these Ministers, who thus stand accused, would try to make scapegoats of the military. And they have tried! The impertinence, the crying injustice of it—to propose to set up a Court of Inquiry before which the soldier stands practically on his trial, while the grossly culpable civilians masquerade merely as witnesses! But even the House of Commons could not stand that. And so we are to have a "Special Tribunal." In the meantime, these men, if they had any sense of decency, any real regard for the honour and dignity of the offices of State they hold, would at once follow Mr. Chamberlain into retirement. The India Secretary, son of an honoured father, no doubt did his best according to his lights; but his best has resulted in failure, and he is ready to pay part of the price—resignation. Yet if he, as a man sensitive for his personal reputation and careful for the honour of office, feels it necessary to ask the King to receive back his seals of office, what is to be said of Lord Hardinge, to whom Mr. Balfour bluntly refuses the right to resign? The right hon. gentleman has been held in high esteem by his country. But after his speech on the Mesopotamia debate, it is necessary to revise our estimate of his common sense—yes, and of his common humanity. With the cries of agony of the wounded men, lingering in the tortures of cruel neglect, still ringing in our ears, we are told by the Foreign Secretary "*that these things must occur*". if a British force "advances far into a savage country and is defeated and it is a country where the wounded cannot be left behind." Was anything more damnable ever uttered by a British statesman? Our gallant lads were left to die of thirst, to wallow in their own excreta, to make the supreme sacrifice under conditions of horror and suffering unspeakable, not because of that defeat in a savage country—again the result of neglect in high quarters—but because the men in authority had failed to furnish them with the ordinary medical necessaries, the plain every-day equipment of a fighting force. The politicians' insane craze for economy in military expenditure at all costs—and we know the price our brave boys were made to pay—was the original cause of the horrors of Mesopotamia; the criminal neglect of essentials when it was decided to make that gambler's throw for Bagdad was the final reason for all the death and torture, the agony and horror. If Mr. Balfour's callous utterance means anything, it is a message to the British Army that what happened in those burning Eastern plains and along the shores of the Tigris is inevitable and will happen again. Thank God, some of us know better. It shall never happen again, not so long as there are men with red blood in their veins who will tear from office these bland, anæmic, and tired philosophers, and replace them by human beings.

Let Ministers Beware!

What a message of comfort and consolation for the widow and the fatherless, bowed down not only by the loss of loved ones, but doubly bowed with the knowledge of those agonising deaths—those lingering torments which need never have been! To tell them that "these things must occur" is to insult their humanity and make mock of their sorrow. I repeat, they shall *not* occur again; nor will we allow the criminals who were responsible for all the suffering and death to escape their just punishment. Try as the Government may to delay the footsteps of Justice, to put a clog on the wheels of retribution, the country is thoroughly aroused, and Ministers had best beware. They are at their old games again. One Cabinet appointed the Gallipoli Commission, chose their own judges and packed the jury—made the Court before which they were arraigned. But the guilt was so red, the facts so flagrant in condemnation, that the Dardanelles Commission—composed, after all, of men—could not withhold its condemnation. At once the accused turned upon the Court of their own choosing and denounced their judges. With great flights of oratory and carefully prepared special pleading they tried to put the Commission in the wrong and themselves in the right. Who of all the culprits of Gallipoli is a penny the worse for the burning condemnation of the Ministerial muddling and Official incompetence? And what are Ministers—some of them the criminals of Gallipoli—doing now? They are repeating those discreditable tactics. We are told that the Commissioners are the culprits—the greater offenders! Mr. Balfour, forsooth, has "very little sympathy with the Report. The Commission is quite as much on its trial as any of the men they have condemned." Callousness in one sentence; impertinence in another. Let me tell the Foreign Secretary that the men who had the courage to condemn the War Cabinet are held in high esteem by the nation. Ministers may try to discredit them because they have done their duty, and seek to denounce them because they have pointed the accusing finger. Everyone imagined that the Commission, armed with every power for securing evidence, was appointed to "get at the facts" about the tragic fiasco of Mesopotamia. Now we are told that it is necessary to have another Inquiry—this time a Special Court—to investigate the facts and collect evidence! And then, after that, presumably a Court-Martial for the

BRINK!

ragic Farce—Public Feeling at Danger Point.

E EDITOR.

officers—*and nothing for the civilians.* Over a score of generals were sent home for failing in Mesopotamia—that of itself is punishment. Yet when Lord Hardinge desires to do the decent thing and resign he is not allowed to do so! "Why," asks Mr. Balfour, "because he is supposed to have failed in India, should you suspend him from doing work which is not connected with India?" How they stick together! What a game it is—and what a price the country has to pay for it! Then look at the performances of the late and the present Prime Ministers! Mr. Asquith actually suggested that the proper Tribunal to try the politicians was—the House of Commons! Just reflect. Members of both Parties impugned—to be tried by their own supporters, under the guidance of the Whips. And then he wound up with Burke's famous appeal: "Applaud us when we run; *console us when we fall.* Cheer us when we recover; but let us pass on. For God's sake, let us pass on." Yes, let them pass on—into oblivion. Shall I recall to Mr. Asquith's memory a somewhat similar dictum—this time from the French: "When I advance, follow me; when I fall, leave me; when I retreat—kill me"? How does *that* sound? And what said Mr. Lloyd George? The House of Commons was "losing its sense of proportion" by attaching importance to this Mesopotamia tragedy. "A vital discussion between the shipowners and the Admiralty had had to be postponed because of the debate. *It is absolutely indefensible.*" What do you think of that?

Growing Discontent.

Is it to be wondered that the nation is aroused? I should like some of these fatuous persons who loll on the comfortable benches of the House of Commons and drawl out their cynical excuses and their special pleadings to see my post-bag of the last few weeks. It would give them a shock; it would open their eyes. They would be disturbed at the expressions of burning indignation which pour in from all parts of the kingdom—and from men at the front—over these scandals of land and air war, and they would understand the seriousness of my warning not to try further the temper and spirit of the People. Unless the Cabinet come to grips with the truth, and realise the grave public dissatisfaction with recent revelations and events, they cannot hope to continue in power. They are on the brink of defeat, if not in a subservient House of Commons, at the hands of an indignant Democracy. The nation is ready to make all allowances, to recognise the great task Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues are engaged upon, and to give them all possible support and confidence so long as they "play the game," tell the truth and avoid trickery and deception. What has happened over the Mesopotamia tragedy, coming after the farcical failure of the Gallipoli Report, has provoked anger and resentment. The disgraceful muddle in the Air Service, which has made London the laughing-stock of Berlin and placed the metropolis of the Empire at the mercy of the murderous Hun, has embittered feeling far beyond anything that has happened since war began. After three years of conflict—after repeated warnings from those who knew the purpose of the enemy, after those early raids which gave us to understand that greater things would be attempted—we find the authorities culpably negligent, and at the same time so frightened of criticism that they dare not hear the truth or tell it in open session. "Darkness and composure" was the advice when the Zeppelins came—secrecy and suppression are the answer to the raiding aeroplanes. London's vast population is not easily aroused; it is not composed of cowards and cravens. But the fighting men have left their women and children under the protection, as they believed, of the Government, and the Government has failed to protect them.

Result of Muddle and Delay.

Those revelations I made in the public interest concerning Lord French and the air defence of London have at last had their effect—they have acquitted the gallant Field-Marshal of any responsibility for what happened. They have shown that it was the withdrawal of our fighting squadrons, in spite of his protests, that enabled the Germans to come with impunity and scatter death and destruction in the Metropolis. It is no answer to say that our defending airmen were wanted on the Western front. That is but another confession of the results of delay and muddle. There has been time, and enough, to produce sufficient aeroplanes not only to defend London but to carry the war over every town, to indulge in that retaliation—the essence of warfare—which is so much disliked by the sentimentalists of Downing Street and the weak-kneed members of the Church. One of these days a bomb will fall, not in commercial thoroughfares, nor in mean streets, but in those more exalted quarters hitherto so strangely immune from damage from the air. And then sentiment will be thrown to the winds, and so-called Christian ethics will be forgotten. Meanwhile, the signs of discontent are growing—the rumbles of disaffection become louder and louder. *And I don't like them.* Let Ministers beware lest they try the temper of the people too far and, in seeking to bolster up inefficiency and to shelter the criminally incompetent, bring down upon their heads the wrath of an incensed and outraged People. Three years of muddle and blunder have been borne with patience and long-suffering. Mistakes, costly in life and treasure, have been forgiven though not forgotten. But the sands are running out. It shall be my aim, so long as I have any voice in public affairs, to keep that feeling in check. I am no revolutionary. If I were, I could have all Britain (and I'm sure most of Ireland) up in rebellion within twenty-four hours. At the great Queen's Hall meeting the other night, when a member of the audience called out "Will you lead us to Buckingham Palace *to-night*, sir?" the whole house rose to the suggestion. Happily, we were able to reply that the King was away—by this time, you know where he was! But the incident was significant—and I implore the Government to take note of it. I want them to pull us through the war; I will help them to the ...ermost of my power. *But they must not try us ... highly!*

AN AMAZING PROSECUTION.

THE DWINDLING LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Some little time ago, when German prisoners were employed here and there planting potatoes, a report was widely current that some of the scamps had been caught removing the "eyes" so as to spoil the crop. For several reasons we doubted the story, and, despite an avalanche of letters from readers, we declined to print it. Among other newspapers, the *South Wales Argus* was less sceptical; and in the issue of our contemporary dated April 26th last a harmless paragraph appeared, stating that a correspondent had received a letter from a relative, a market gardener, giving an account of the "startling discovery." Its effect was to bring down upon the author of the report, and upon the publishers and the Assistant Editor the pains and penalties of the Defence of the Realm Act. Indeed, the authorities went to the trouble and expense of sending a representative of the Director of Public Prosecutions to explain how a libel on German prisoners might hinder us in winning the war. A more trumpery charge can scarcely be imagined; yet, instead of dismissing it with contempt, the Newport Bench—thrown off their mental balance, apparently, by the dignity of a State prosecution—convicted the defendants, under No. 27 of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, of "spreading a false report," and fined them each 20s. The upshot of the matter seems to be that the authorities can "come down" upon any newspaper which publishes an incorrect statement, however innocently, and whether it relates to the war or not—an appalling prospect for those who serve the public through the Press.

GETTING IN THE FIRST BLOW.

STRANGE ORDERS TO A GUNNER BY A MERCHANT CAPTAIN.

Is it policy, when a German submarine is sighted, for British seamen to wait until the enemy has fired the first shot? One Captain seems to think so. His vessel, coming from Africa with cotton and copper, steamed into the danger zone and promptly sighted a periscope belonging to an enemy submarine. The order passed by the Captain to the gunners was, "Submarine on port bow; don't fire, let him fire first!" But the gunners, believing in the luck of the man who gets in first blow, *did* fire without waiting to be torpedoed in advance, and they had the satisfaction of saving the ship and of driving the U-boat away. Yet we are seriously told that the gunners were punished for (*a*) disobedience to orders in face of the enemy, and (*b*) firing at an enemy submarine without orders. "You can imagine," says a gunlayer, "the feelings of other gun-crews aboard merchant ships." We can imagine them, and sympathise with them, and we hope that, should similar circumstances again occur, the gunners will again splendidly "disobey," by letting go at the Hun boat with the first pop they can get at him.

TEETH AND TRICKERY.

LOW METHODS AND HIGH FEES.

A Raynes Park reader relates his experience with the Williams Teeth Company, a concern which—in spite of our repeated exposures—contrives to retain a certain amount of business in the dental line. First of all our friend struck a bargain with the firm for a complete set of artificial teeth for 7½ guineas "guaranteed for 15 years," but as soon as the preliminary extractions were completed the operator discovered that the patient, strange to say, had a "large hollow roof" to his mouth, which would entail the upper set of teeth being "strengthened with gold bars" at an additional cost of three guineas beyond the agreed price. Meanwhile the extractions had been sadly bungled, two "stumps being left behind, on the ground that they were "part of the gums," and must on no account be disturbed. At this point the long-suffering patient, who had paid a deposit of £4, began to scent mischief, and he accordingly consulted a respectable dentist, who, after an inspection of his mouth, advised him to have nothing more to do with the Williams Teeth Company. Our friend then called at the Company's head office in the Grays Inn Road to demand his money back, but of course there was "nothing doing." Unfortunately—for the reasons stated in our recent paragraph—legal proceedings, even if successful, are likely to be barren of result.

RED TAPE *IN EXCELSIS*.

HOW THE FOREIGN OFFICE DILLY-DALLIES OVER A PASSPORT.

A brave Englishwoman offered her services to the French War Office as nurse, and was accepted under military regulations. Voluntarily she went to encounter typhus cases at a lazaret, gaining the French and Serbian medals. Recently she was given a fortnight's leave. Arriving in London, she, when her leave expired, went to the Foreign Office for her return passport. She—a nurse and lady—was there attended to by a policeman, who told her she had no business to see anybody else, as all papers must pass through his hands. For a fortnight she has been trying to get that signed passport, to permit her to return to her duties in France. Each call was met with "Come to-morrow." On her last visit she was told "Come in two days, and then we may be able to tell you whether we can give you a passport or not." At the time this is written we know not whether the lady has been able to return. If not, she will be regarded as a deserter and punished, if not dismissed. "Is it not terrible," she asks, "to think what red-tape is responsible for?" We think it is not only terrible, but shameful, and disgraceful in the extreme. The whole of the papers containing the record of a brave lady's splendid service are in the possession of some official, who seems but to hum and hah at his supercilious ease, while he endangers the character of a devoted woman.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The Censor struggles to suppress
Reports of Bottomley's address
On the Mesopotamia crime,
Etcetera, but fails this time.

These mutual recriminations
Content the watching Allied nations,
Who in such quarrels can descry
Signs of approaching victory.

Which is the worst, the foe we fight
In open warfare day and night,
Or the Sinn Feiner, who prepares
To take us foully unawares?

First Soldier: "WHAT ARE THOSE YELLOW PAPERS ALL YOU CHAPS HAVE GOT HOLD OF?"
Second ditto: "AH! YOU'LL WANT ONE WHEN YOU KNOW."

NEWS FROM HOME.

"HULLO, old chap! Have you got one, too? These yellow papers are all over the shop—mail seems to be full of them—sent mine back yesterday."

"Jolly good scheme, too! It's mighty comforting to know that one's own people will have something extra to come, whatever happens."

"Rather! These yellow papers will make it a good deal easier for a lot of us to carry on."

"Who sent you yours?"

"My brother; always been such a good pal I sometimes forget he's a relative. Said he thought I should like to know there was a bit extra for the wife, in case——! So he took this out for me on her account."

"My old chief at the office took it out for me. I didn't know he had it in him to be so thoughtful. He knew my mother had no one but myself to depend upon; and didn't want me to worry about what would happen to her, financially, if I *should* be outed. That's what was troubling me most, and I'm much obliged to old Grimshaw for easing my mind. Of course, it hasn't cost him much, but it means a lot to me, and shows he hasn't just forgotten. You had one a day or two ago, hadn't you, Jack?"

"Yes, from my uncle—crusty old beggar, but soft-hearted enough inside, I guess. Said he couldn't afford to have too much to do in helping to provide for my family if I came to grief at the front; so he had decided to cover his risk as much as possible. That is just his way, you know—to prevent me thanking him."

"A dear old chum of mine sent me one along. Not fit for service—made him awfully sick that he couldn't go with the rest of us. The poor old chap says that at least he can do a little to help make my sister safe if—well, if—— He doesn't like to say what he means; but as I have told him it doesn't give a fellow any the worse chance to know that his people at home will not have money trouble on top of the rest if he gets bowled out."

"What do you say, Tommy?"

"I say that I should like to know what on earth you are all talking about. What is this yellow paper, anyway?"

"It is, my boy, a proposal form—for war life insurance—an entirely new kind of life insurance, specially devised to ease the mind of the sailor or soldier. Also it is an entirely new kind of proposal form, for it can be filled in in a couple of seconds—in fact, all *you* have to do, if someone is friendly enough to send one along, is to sign your name—being the person who is insured. Any friend can do the rest, and anyone you nominate can benefit—your mother or father, your sweetheart or wife, your brothers or sisters, your kiddies, anyone for whom you want to make provision."

"I could take out a policy myself, I suppose?"

"Of course you could. Just drop a line to the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Company and get a form."

"What does it cost; and what does, whoever is to benefit stand to get?"

"For every £1 you pay—or someone else pays for you—the Company undertake to pay out £100 in the event of your death from any cause except in actual fighting, from wounds, flying or drowning, while on service anywhere in Europe, outside the Balkans. If you should happen to lose your life in the Balkans, or outside Europe, they pay £50, because that part of the world is more unhealthy. If you should lose your life in action, or from wounds, or as an aviator, or from drowning, the Company pays £5 down for every £1 of your subscription—or, rather, premium, as they call it. So *whatever* happens to you, they pay something down at once."

"That seems square enough. And——"

"Wait a moment. There is something more. The Company further engages that nine-tenths of whatever money is left over from this War Life Insurance Scheme shall be distributed eighteen months after Peace is declared among those who have been so unfortunate as to have lost the soldier or sailor insured, by death in action or from wounds, as an aviator or from drowning, in proportion to the premiums paid. How does that strike you? The main idea of the whole scheme is to provide the maximum benefit for those nominated by those who lose their lives in action, from wounds, or as an aviator or from drowning."

"Why, that's really good. Who are the people?"

"You can get full particulars from the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Company—a Company with a reputation and £4,000,000 assets, which is not likely to promise more than it can or will perform. Moreover, the funds arising out of the scheme are invested in the names of unimpeachable trustees."

"Then it's me for a proposal form."

"Good for you! That will tell you anything else you want to know, though I have given you all the main facts. Write to the Eagle and British Dominion Insurance Co., Ltd., British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. 3, who will send full particulars and who are prepared to entertain the appointment of agents for making known the scheme and obtaining proposals."—[*Advt.*]

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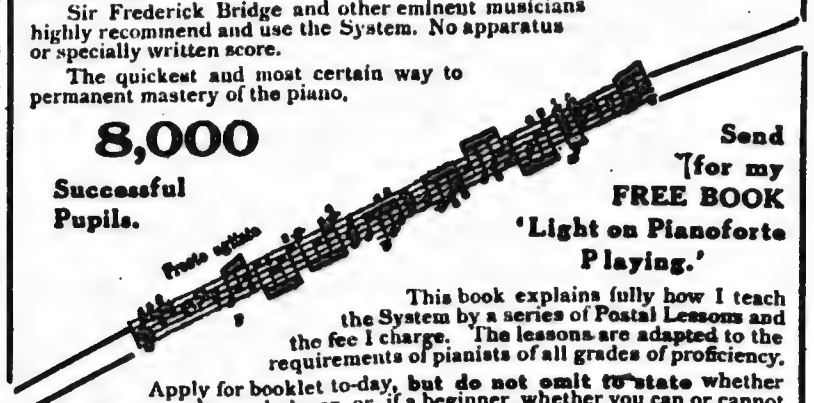

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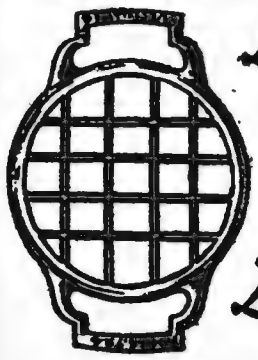

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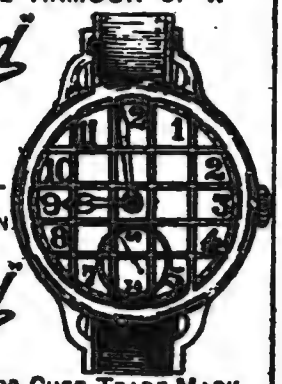

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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. DE VALERA, M.P.

Arfternoon, sir. *'Air cuttin' ?* Yessir. Take this chair, if you please. You'd feel honoured if you knew 'oo'd set in that there chair, sir. Some of our noblest British patriots 'ave set there, sir, an' 'ad their 'air cut or a shave. . . . *Wot's* thet ? *Then it ain't no chair fur you !* Wotcher mean, sir ? 'Oo are yer ? . . . Oh, *Mr. De Valera, Sinn Fein M.P. fur East Clare. Thet's* 'oo you are, is it ? Then you're right, me man—it ain't no chair fur you. In fack, there ain't *any* chair in my saloon fur you. Unnerstand that ? Think I'd dirty me 'ands by attendin' to a rebel like you ? Not me ! W'y, I couldn't look a British Tommy in the face arfterwards if I did. Go to a German barber. There's still some loose in London, to the disgrace of the Guv'ment. Let an unspeakable 'Un clip yore thatch fur yer. . . . *'Ow dare I speak to a Member of Parlyment so disrespectful ?* Git out ! *You* ain't no Member o' Parlyment—not in the proper sense. You ain't a member till you've took the oath, an' you carn't take the oath becos you deny allegiance to the King. So you ain't now, and you ain't likely to become, a proper member of the British Parlyment. . . . Wot's thet ? *You've bin duly elected?* Ha, ha ! "*Duly* elected" ! That's rich ! 'Oo 'ave you bin duly elected by ? W'y, by a lot of traitors like yerself. If you was simply a 'Ome Ruler it would be a diff'rent thing. You've a puffect right to work for 'Ome Rule. In fack, I'm in favour of it meself—but not *yore* 'Ome Rule. It 'ud be more amusin' then Charlie Chaplin in one of 'is knockabout films. You can be a 'Ome Ruler without bein' a traitor. But you're arfter somethink else. You're workin' fur complete independence of Ireland, an' don't mind sheddin' British blood to git it. That's sedition, me man. You want more'n Canada, Australia, or South Africa wants. W'ich shows you're a fool as well as a traitor. Well, let me tell yer at once that you'll never git it—not until there ain't nobody left alive in Ireland. Jew think Ulster'll give in to you Sinn Feiners ? Or the more sensibler Nationalists eether ? Not them ! Never ! Ireland'll be a shambles, and'll look like the place w'ere the Kilkenny cats fought it out, before yore bloomin' silly wild dream comes to anythink. I tell yer wot—Germany is be'ind all this —or it's the wore bread. But I fency it's the 'Uns. W'ere did orl the money come from that was splashed about in East Clare durin' the election ? . . . . *From American sympathisers ?* I know. But *'oo are* them American sympathisers ? I'll tell yer. They're German-Americans wot are still German citizens as well as citizens of the United States, an' the money they sent you come from Germany to do 'arm to Britain through Irish traitors. Thet's 'ow you got the money to persuade your fool supporters an' the young fanatic Roman Catholic priests wot lent a 'and. But it won't pay in the end. It never *has* paid, and it won't pay you, me fine sedition-monger, with yer republican flags an' clap-trap. There may be a few fools in East Clare and elsewhere, but the majority of Irishmen 'ave got more sense than you seem to credit 'em with, as you'll find out shortly. Think of the gallent young Irish soljers wot 'ave fought an' died fur the British Flag an' freedum, an' fur you, you dirty disgrace to Ireland ! An' git out ! Quick ! *'Op it !* . . . I sh'd 'ave begun to git quite crorse if 'e 'adn't gorn then, I do believe !

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"PASSING SHOW" :—

"The brightly variegated kilt, . . . the SPORRAN perched at a jaunty angle on his SLEEK, BLACK HAIR—these combined to make him the cynosure of all beholders."

"BRISTOL EVENING NEWS" (advertisement) :—

"University of Bristol Contingent O.T.C. . . . Recruiting.—Suitable candidates for admission should be UNDER THE AGE OF 7 YEARS AND 9 MONTHS, except in the case of former members of a junior contingent."

"NORTHERN DAILY MAIL" :—

"The definition of the Act was quite clear that 'Margarine meant any article of food, whether MIXED WITH GUTTER OR NOT, which resembled butter.'"

"DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement) :—

"Tea is served free to visitors AFTER 2.30 EVERY SATURDAY . . . Business Hours —9 to 8 ; SATURDAYS, 9 TO 1."

"THE LIGHT CAR" (letter to Editor) :—

"FOUR HUNDRED MILES ON A GALLON OF PETROL I should consider an EXCESSIVELY HIGH CONSUMPTION."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST" (advert.) :

"Abergele.—Jolly holiday for LADIES ; GENT.'S CAMP ; lovely grounds, recreation, bathing tent, etc."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS" ("Wanted" advertisement) :—

"GENERAL, 6s. 9d. weekly ; SUIT DISABLED SOLDIER, BARGAIN."

SERIOUS SKIN AFFECTIONS AND HOW TO BE RID OF THEM.

A common saltrates bath compound, obtainable from any chemist, forms oxygenated and strongly medicinal water with wonderful soothing, healing, and curative powers.

Especially effective in the treatment of eczema, acne, psoriasis, urticaria, nettle rash, summer heat, prickly heat, rashes, sores, pimples, blackheads, itching, scaly or greasy skin, and even bad foot disorders.

An army officer just home from India was recently discussing with fellow officers at his club a remarkable cure for the agonising and temper-destroying skin diseases from which he suffered out there. After explaining how his discovery afforded instant relief and then soon cured the intolerable itching, burning, smarting and disfigurement caused by the very serious skin affections so common in the tropics, he mentioned that the substance he used is known in India as Reudel Bath Saltrates.

"Why," exclaimed three of his companions in unison, "that is no discovery at all. It is a very common preparation that we use in our baths here every day, and it can be had at slight cost from any chemist in England." One of the officers then proclaimed it the greatest thing known for any skin troubles, complexion blemishes, eruptions, pimples, rashes, etc., etc. "And do you know," said he, "I even took the trouble to have the compound analysed, and found it to be practically an exact British reproduction of the natural curative oxygenated and strongly medicinal waters of Aix les Bains, Eilsen, Aix la Chapelle, Baden, and other celebrated springs.

"It contains elements which actually liberate one cubic foot of free oxygen to the ounce, so its amazingly curative, exhilarating, and invigorating effects in a bath are not to be wondered at, since oxygen is Nature's own purifier, antiseptic, bactericide, skin-clearing tonic, and healing agent. Without it the vital spark of life itself would immediately expire. For instance, the free oxygen found in natural curative waters, the health-building ozone of pine forests and mountain heights, the small excess of oxygen which alone transforms common water into the hydrogen peroxide that surgeons use for antiseptic dressings—these are all examples of what oxygen does, *for they all act by releasing oxygen.* I have often used the Reudel Saltrates water in France to reduce inflamed swellings, 'trench foot,' etc. When prepared as a specially strong foot bath it even softens and banishes corns, callouses, or similar bothersome foot afflictions."

One of the worst and most repulsive cases of skin disease I ever saw was finally conquered by ordinary Reudel Saltrates baths, and for extremely severe disorder, cloth compresses wet with this saltrated water are sometimes employed to draw pain from the affected parts. For rheumatic swellings, pains, and stiffness there is nothing like it.

A. C. WARD.

35, Baronsmere Road, East Finchley.

For Liver Disorders use Kalsel.—ADVT.

Do your False Teeth feel

loose and drop in your mouth? A little Dentafix sprinkled on the plate will fix them securely in your mouth till you wish to move them, that wretched loose feeling goes, the teeth being perfectly rigid and comfortable. Dentafix is a pure, tasteless powder, it sweetens the breath, hardens the gums, and is a boon to all wearers of false teeth. A 1/- packet gives tooth comfort for weeks. Post Free from **Dentafix Co., 219D, High Rd., Ilford.**

Fight the Germs

that **poison** and **impoverish** the **blood** and cause disease, **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

VITADATIO DESTROYS DISEASE

by removing the **cause.** It cleanses the system, restores health and vitality in the most serious and long-standing diseases when other treatments fail.

Sold by Boots Cash Chemists, and Taylor's Drug Stores, or post free at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. per bottle. Send 4d. (postage) for **SAMPLE BOTTLE** and testimonials to Vitadatio, Ltd. (Dept. J. B.), Park Square, Leeds.

With Vitadatio THE MEDICINE THAT CURES

OUR WONDERFUL GIFT PENS

FITTED WITH 14ct. Gold NIBS.

Standard Model 1/9 with 13 Coupons Postage 2d.

De Luxe Model, with 13 Coupons Postage 2d. 2/9

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(July 21, 1917.)

P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

A Walking Hospital.

In the Stratford district a boy has been passed into the service suffering from a polypus in the ear, mitral valvular disease of the heart, St. Vitus' dance, and rheumatic feet. We wonder how many more diseases the poor chap should have before his discharge would be justified.

Saving the Shekels.

We sometimes speak about barrack damages. At Dover the other day the handle of an office door came off, and a civilian workman was sent for to fix it on again, although half a dozen military pioneers were at hand to do the work. It's the way they have in the Army—to-day.

Prussian or British?

A battalion was on a route march in Lancashire a few days ago, when one of the men fell out. Some comrades went to his help, but were told by the Commanding Officer to leave him there, as he would soon find his way to the canteen. He found his way to the hospital instead, and was dead that night! This paragraph is not based on a cutting from a German newspaper.

Endangering the Army.

We are still enlisting the "stiffs," such as a man—practically blind, according to the report of an oculist—particulars of whose case have been forwarded to us. He went before a Travelling Medical Board, was not examined, but was raised from a low category to Class A—which means the most exacting form of service. The victim remarks that, on account of his infirmity, he may either be killed himself, or, if placed on guard duty, may be instrumental in having his pals killed. We agree it is the wooden-headed system that is to blame for such atrocities.

"Stick Close to Your Desk."

A few months ago two theatrical variety agents were given commissions. One of them still languishes in the atmosphere of lieutenant's rank; the other has, in one buck jump, been promoted to Colonel. We are told that the two officers, experienced in connection with the variety business, have been given big posts in the Food Control department. Where are Gilbert and Sullivan?

Worrying Wounded Soldiers.

In the Western Command there is a convalescent camp which is, or was recently, ruled by one of the principal officers mentioned in connection with the Mesopotamia muddle. The men are old wounded soldiers, and on their behalf we protest that it is not playing the game to compel them to do long route marches with full pack and rifle. If an improvement is not immediately made, we shall have something further to say in the matter.

A Harsh Injustice.

At the Scunthorpe (Lincs.) County Court, before his Honour Sir Sherston Baker, a soldier in khaki, employed on munitions work, was ordered to pay 5s. a month in respect of certain arrears of rent. Not unreasonably, the defendant objected that he could not pay the money, as with a wife and eight children he had "ten mouths to feed." For some reason or other this simple human plea seems to have sadly upset the learned Judge, who could not forget that on his own admission the soldier was earning the enormous wages of 35s. a week. "Perhaps I made a mistake," snapped Sir Sherston, "The Order will be 10s. a month, and if not paid, 42 days' imprisonment." The kindest explanation of this splenetic outburst is one that we scruple to print.

A Naval Profiteer.

We should like the officer in command of H.M.S. *Prince George* to cast his eye round the vessel, and find if the canteen charges are justifiable. We leave it at that now.

Give Them a Refund.

Three tars were furnished with warrants from Euston to Belfast, *via* Larne and Stranraer. They found, however, that the service was suspended for the day, so had to go to Holyhead, where they were charged the full fare—which two of them only were able to pay—and even these two were subjected to all sorts of troubles *en route*. Too bad.

More Official Robbery.

Over two years ago the minesweeper *Glen Avon* did good work, accounting for many mines. In June, 1915, the crew were discharged. Twenty-five months have since passed, but the men are still whistling for their mine money. The official reply is to the effect that, according to Admiralty instructions, a reward is not to be paid to persons who have been discharged from his Majesty's service!

Lucky Leave-Breakers!

Some men of H.M. Minesweeper *Queen Empress* were ashore for a few hours after their leave was up. On returning to the boat, a Sub-Lieutenant—quite properly—sentenced them to stoppage of leave for five days. A couple of days afterwards the Lieutenant returned to the ship and altered the sentence of his subordinate to stoppage of three days' pay and seven days' leave. The men are delighted that an Admiral did not come aboard, as they might then have been sentenced to gaol for life.

Good News for Jack and Tommy.

We have been reading the particulars of a novel and fascinating scheme, evolved by the ever-enterprising Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Company, for the benefit of sailors and soldiers, who, without any formality, may become insured against death either in war or from ordinary causes, for a nominal fixed payment, which never varies—the benefits and not the premium being regulated by the nature of the risk. It is a fine conception.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

A Word of Warning.

We have on many occasions given the tip to soldiers' wives, financially embarrassed owing to having children ill, that they have only to go to the local War Pensions Committee in order to receive assistance. Our information does not seem to have been generally accepted. We have now been officially warned not to give help to pensioners who often approach us with pathetic stories about their hardships, as they have merely to consult the same Committees in order to have their worries removed. Again we regret that so many people who are really better off than in pre-war days make a set at our Fund; but we are glad to say that, owing to our precautionary measures, they cannot possibly succeed in diverting to themselves money sent for genuine cases.

Helped Jack's Family.

The wife of a sailor, with three young children, found herself in deep distress, owing to illness in the family. We relieved her immediate needs and instructed her as to how she could get extra support.

Why Not Pension?

Her husband killed, a poor woman has ten children, who have not yet come to the earning age. We listened to her case, and sent her away happy.

Trouble on Trouble.

A widowed mother, whose son and only support is in the service now and in respect of whom she has only a few shillings a week, broke her leg. It seemed as if her little home would have to be sold up, but fortunately she applied to us.

Official "Generosity."

Another boy, the only support of his widowed mother, whose husband was an old soldier, was called up by the Recruiting authorities. The woman is now in receipt of 5s. a week, and until she came to us was in distress.

A Hard Row to Hoe.

A man went through some of our sternest battles, and has now been discharged. He has a wife and three children, as well as a blind brother to support. The poor fellow did not know how to make ends meet until he came to Long Acre.

A Bluejacket in Distress.

An ex-bluejacket went into the infirmary, from which he was discharged on the day when he came to us. He naturally wished to obtain the arrears of his pension, but owing to the usual red-tape he was put off. The man told us his story and gave proofs—so we helped him to hold up his head again. We all love Jack!

A Disgrace to the Empire.

A widow, whose son has been killed and who was receiving a beggarly pension of 5s. a week, has seven small children to support. They were maintained by the soldier before he went to offer up his life. Here again we gladly assisted. The niggardliness with which dependent mothers are treated by the authorities is one of the greatest scandals of the war.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. T. (Battersea), 2s. 6d.; "Dick and Mick," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. P., 1s.; H. B. (Chopwell), 2s. 6d.; "1402A," 5s.; "Devonian," 10s.; E. A. B. (Dover), 1s; "Constant Reader" (Watford), 1s.; C. F. S. (Java), 12s. 9d.; "Over Age," 20s.; L. L. (Dublin), 5s.; Mrs. F. P. (Dursley), 1s.; Anon. (York), 1s.; Mrs. E. L. D. (Hampton Hill), £1; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; "Iyo Maru," 10s.; "Constant Reader" (Folkestone), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; T. R. (Glasgow), 6d.; "Stewart," 1s. 6d.; H. E. G., 1s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "No. 1939," 5s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Arawa," 2s. 6d.; M. F. (Dunoon), 2s. 6d.; "An Irish Railway Porter," 2s. 6d.; J. P. T. (Kendal), 1s.; S. T., 2s. 6d.; Miss F. M. C. (Notting Hill), 2s. 3d.; "Whist Drive and Dance," £4 9s. 9d.; N. Z. (Palestine), 4s.; I. R. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; "Old Clincher," 1s.; Mrs. F. (Swindon), 1s; T. K., 1s.; "In Loving Memory of Percy," 1s.; "9 by 9," 1s.; H. P. (Portslade), 2s. 6d. W. H. C. (Sheerness), 1s.; G. S. H. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; "Bullets 239," £2; Mrs. E. L. C., 1s.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S., Woolwich Arsenal, 17s.; H. A. F. (Bristol), 1s.; H.M.T. *Justicia*, £1; P. T. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; W. H. (Stanley), 1s.; S. G. S. (Winnipeg), $2; G. N. (Padworth), 1s.; "A Soldier's Mother" (Gowan), 2s.; "Collected in Greenock" (per C. R.), 2s. 6d.; F. C. O., 1s.; "Uncle Bill" (Alderney), 2s. 6d.; "A Tommy's Wife," 1s.; "A Bristol Reader," 3s.; "Arrow," £2 2s.; "A Loyal Irish Girl," 1s.; Master, Officers, and Crew of s.s. *Hermione*, £10 14s.; Collection, Amazon Telegraph Counter (Manaos), £4 7s. 6d.; M. R. (Whiston), 1s.

By order of the Food Controller

5d. and 9½d.

are the prices of

Quaker Oats

"Quaker Oats is imported to be sold under license of the Food Controller at a price not exceeding 9½d. for the 2-lbs. (gross) packet or 5d. for the 1-lb. (gross) packet throughout the United Kingdom."

It is requested that any cases where higher prices are charged be reported to—
The Secretary, QUAKER OATS Ltd., Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2

We regret that the increased demand and traffic delays have made it impossible for us to keep all Grocers fully supplied with Quaker Oats. We hope soon to be able to execute all orders promptly.

IN YOUR BAG with your Powder Book & Mirror

KEEP A TIN OF DAISY TABLETS

"Of all the hundred things in my bag," writes a pretty Brixton lady, "Percy's love letters and my tin of Daisy Tablets are what I treasure most. I'd have looked an old woman now if it hadn't been for Daisy. Six months ago, you see, constant attacks of neuralgia and headache were sending me almost silly, and quite spoiling my looks—hours of pain and worry were bringing me the wrinkles and lines of a woman of sixty. Nothing seemed able to cure the attacks until through one of your advertisements I was induced to try Daisy Tablets. Five minutes after taking a couple I knew my troubles were over—your wonderful Tablets had conquered even a severe case like mine. Now I always carry my priceless tin of Daisy Tablets, and as soon as the pain comes I just swallow a couple. They *always* prove sufficient to send either headache or neuralgia quite away."

Now that you know the safe, modern remedy for headache and neuralgia, determine that in future you too will cure yourself in the easy Daisy way, and not allow unnecessary pain to steal your good looks. Get a box of Daisy Tablets to-day, carry them with you *always*, and headache and neuralgia will worry you no more.

Daisy Tablets are sold by Boots, Taylor's, and chemists everywhere at 1/3 per box, or direct (post free) from Daisy, Ltd. (Dept. T7), Leeds.

DAISY TABLETS

TREATISE AND SAMPLE FREE.

If you would like to try Daisy Tablets send us a penny stamp and we will send you FREE a dainty sample box, along with a very useful scientific Treatise on the causes and cure of head and nerve pains.

You can rest in comfort.

—"PARASITOX"—

Shields you whilst you sleep from

BODY VERMIN.

1/- Per Stick. Non-Greasy. Pleasant to use.

The misery of sleepless nights, caused by loathsome attacks of body vermin, is an additional horror of war, which can be easily overcome by the use of the scientific destroyer, "PARASITOX." Soldiers can sleep in comfort if "PARASITOX" is applied to the neck and other exposed parts, and avoid the grave danger of such infectious diseases as Malaria, Sandfly Fever, etc. Body vermin and all winged pests are repelled in this simple way, and absolute immunity is assured. Cold, greasy ointments are useless, and no powders are efficient to completely rid the body of such pests and their eggs. Friends at home will be doing a real service to the boys in sending them "PARASITOX"—the soldiers' body guard.

In portable form, about the size of a shaving soap stick, **1/-** *per stick.*

The following letter is typical of many hundreds received from all ranks of the Army in France, Salonica, and the East:—A Red Cross Doctor in France: "Your Anti-Mosquito preparation, 'PARASITOX,' must receive my unqualified praise. The mosquitoes last summer, especially at certain parts of the lines, were terrible, and but for your most excellent preparation I don't know what I should have done. The ordinary condition is bad enough, but when the mosquito pest is added, they turn one's so-called sleeping house into perfect hell."—(Signed) Medical Aid Major, 1st Class, 36 Corps, Armee Francaise.

OBTAINABLE from Expeditionary Force Canteens, all branches of Boots and Parkes, also Army and Navy Stores, Harrods, Selfridges, and all principal Chemists and Stores, or from Heppell's, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly and branches.

INSECTOX, the non-poisonous Fly Spray (Lefroys Fluid). Flies Mosquitoes, and all winged insects quickly succumb Insectox kills insects, none can escape. Thousands of gallons used by R.A.M.C. in the East. Packed in compact Army outfits 20/-, 26/- and 60/-.

FREE *Illustrated 36 pp. Treatise on Insect Life with articles contributed by experts. Free samples supplied to R.A.M.C. Officers.*

HEPPELL'S Laboratories, Manufacturing Chemists, **Eden St., London, N.W.1.**

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 1

BUSINESS ARTICLE.

BOYCOTTING.

By MILLICENT PORTER.

Whenever the public are offered exceptionally good value by a house that insists on selling everything at a fair price, some exasperated rival is certain to demand a boycott, and if the time happens to be very favourable for profiteering the cry is quickly taken up. The "trade" assumes a threatening attitude, and the wholesalers who supply the offending firm are presented with an ultimatum.

There are many firms who have taken this attitude with regard to Maxson's. The latter firm's insistence on giving fair value in war time (as *Truth* pointed out recently their prices are often 50 per cent. below London's lowest) has aroused considerable resentment among those who saw in the present situation a unique opportunity for exploiting their customers.

The Triumph of Resource and Originality.

Any attempt to boycott a house like Maxson's, however, is doomed to failure, because it happens that Maxson's have their own factories, and possess every facility for producing garments of the latest style and cut at prices which cannot be touched by many houses.

Before the war Maxson's were doing a big wholesale and export business at St. Paul's Churchyard, and many of Maxson's productions were sold to well-known City houses, one large firm placing an order for ten thousand of one style of costume. And at Dyott House, in Dyott Street, New Oxford Street, Maxson's are even now engaged in producing an enormous number of garments, in the latest styles of London and Paris for the Autumn.

In fact, Maxson's are acknowledged in the City as one of the foremost producers, and anyone who has seen the stacks of cloth—bought months ahead—stored in their warehouse, will begin to understand why Maxson's are able to give such wonderful value, and why they can afford to ignore all attempts at boycott by their less successful rivals.

The workrooms at Dyott House are always open to the inspection of the public, and it is well worth while looking round when one has half-an-hour to spare. Here, under the guidance of clever designers furnished with their best and latest models from Paris, new ideas are worked out for the forthcoming season.

The Profiteers Outmanoeuvred and Out-fought.

Small wonder, then, that Maxson's regard with calm indifference the boycotting effort of their profiteering rivals. Yes! Maxson's actually persist in selling first-class goods *in War time* and remain contented with a fair and *reasonable* trading profit.

Maxson's only establishments are the well-known building in New Oxford Street, close to Tottenham Court Road and the two shops situated respectively in Coventry Street (at the corner of Wardour Street) and in Westbourne Grove.—(ADVT.)

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance. LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.

C. O. S.—So you think that Mesopotamia was entirely the fault of the Army. Have you forgotten that telegram from the politicians, "*We* are in great need of a striking victory in the East"? If not, can't you read between the lines?

"SCOT" (London).—Reprisals are counter attack, and counter attack is defence.

T. T. D. (Clapham) hears of a Germhun barber in the Borough who came to the door of his shop and laughed ostentatiously as the Germhun aeroplanes came over and bombarded the City. Is the barber still at liberty?

E. W. E. (Embleton).—"We do not like Mr. Lloyd George's way of purchasing opponents." Depends on the price. Some of 'em aren't worth anything.

W. Y. (Portrush) says: "Some people over here think you do the whole paper yourself." Quite wrong. The boy who opens the cash-box on Fridays is a stimulation and an assistance.

"LILLIE" (E. Greenwich).—A great many mothers are suffering through this war; fathers also. High prices are always paid for great principles.

C. C-P. (Harborne).—We believe it is true that practically no foodstuffs are now exported from this country, except to our armies.

"ANGRY" (London).—You write as if you were standing on your head, and that is not a proper attitude for a lady.

J. F. (Harwich).—Glad you thought our article "simply splendid." And splendidly simple, eh?

A. P. (Manchester).—That's a happy thought of yours, "to prevent kids throwing balls under motor-cars." At present, however, we are busy thinking how to prevent the Huns throwing bombs on the kids.

"SINBAD" (South Africa).—Your complaint is a just one; and so are the other thousand or so that we have had to "turn down" this week.

"ANTIMACASSAR" (Huddersfield). — "Lloyd George doesn't have to get up till about 9 a.m." Quite so, but he isn't like some —in bed as soon as the pubs shut.

T. H. (Blackburn).—So you read us for amusement and not instruction, and you think your member, Mr. Snowden, "is rapidly regaining the allegiance of his former supporters"! One statement explains the other.

"REV." (Little Tew).—Thanks for your good opinions of us. We wish we could give more attention to cases of cruelty to animals.

"ONE OF THE NEW VOTERS"—"If ever politics can be made decently honest, it is up to the women to do it." Our word! but they'll find it a job.

MRS. G. B. (Tring).—"I wonder what you are like? I imagine very big and clean shaven, thin lips, very stern looking, soft humorous eyes." Add a big, stern, soft, humorous waistcoat, and your picture is ready for the Academy.

"ANOTHER SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Stapleford).—Thanks for letter, but we have already dealt with several similar cases. Variety is the salt of life—and the secret of circulation.

J. B. (Stoke Newington).—As you say, some things are "better spoken than written," but you write very prettily all the same.

H. G. (Sydenham).—We agree with all you say, and the more so as we have already said most of it ourselves. "Great minds"—you know.

T. W. L. (Poole).—Such a man as you mention wants "combing out" with a hat-pin. Perhaps he is too proud to fight.

W. S. (Edinburgh).—"I noticed your remarks in last week's issue." Between ourselves, we had an idea you might.

J. R.—You are ours "in anticipation" and we are yours in sweet recollection. So now we're both pleased.

"CLERK" (Stamford).—About six million people think that this paper is run to get 'em war bonuses. Well, it isn't.

J. D. (Watchet).—What can the general readers of JOHN BULL care what notice about beer Mr. Billy Penny, Tailor, chalks outside his shop? They don't care a penny.

"WATCHFUL" (Arbroath).—The Lord opened the mouth of Balaam's ass. We wish He would shut yours.

"SHORT STORY" (Holborn), who says he can get £4 each for his stories, asks us what he ought to pay "the person who supplies him with his plots." £4 each.

"MOTHER OF SIX" Walthamstow).—There ought to be enough potatoes now to make ten-to-one pie; ten potatoes to one bit of meat.

"EFFORT" (Dalston).—You remind us that "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet Are of imagination all compact." Eat more fish.

C. F. B. (Edinburgh).—We agree about reprisals, but for goodness sake buy a JOHN BULL pen; your handwriting gives us a headache.

C. M. and OTHERS (Leeds).—The lists of numbers of motor cars which you have sent us are evidence of considerable skill and perseverance, but why they have been forwarded to us we are somewhat at a loss to understand.

A. G. H. (Bristol).—We said bacon, rotted at Bristol, had "been sold for tallow." The Lord Mayor now says, no food "is" being wasted. Perhaps the improvement is due to us.

MR. J. W. LORDEN (Putney) tells us, as indicating their view that the recent case of food wastage was due to the culpable carelessness of an employee, that the Directors of the A.B.C. were anxious to pay the fine, but he declined the offer. Sporty, at any rate!

"TRUE TEMPERANCE" (Eastoft).—"I hear they are going to raise the price of beer." Many a poor man can't.

"JERSEY MUNITION-WORKER" (Coventry).—Certainly rough when good girls are put "out of bounds" because of a few naughty ones. Yet you grin and bear it—because you *are* good.

"DEATH TRAP" (Port Talbot).—Thanks for your letter, but what a nasty *nom-de-plume!* Gives us the crawly creeps.

R. D. (Kirkcaldy).—True; but if we attempted to publish every case of Tribunal hardship we should burst our binding with a bang.

"PATRIOTIC CORRESPONDENT" (Glasgow).—If you are really anxious to "wallow in the blood" of Germans and "in the remnants of their rotten carcases" you should join up without delay. Meanwhile, you wield a gory pen.

"ANOTHER CRIPPLE" (Woolwich, S.E.).—Sorry to hear of the trouble arising from the notice, "All cripples to parade at 1.30 p.m., signed by a sergeant." Perhaps some careless beggar turned up signed by a corporal.

"ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER."—In regard to the waste of time in school, "the real culprit is not the teacher nor the local Education Authority, but the Board of Education." A true bill.

"EDNA" (Highgate, N.).—The man at the shop in Junction Road told you that if you didn't want to pay 2s. 6d. a lb. for veal cutlets you could go elsewhere and get cat's meat, did he? He must be a pig.

"SCOTS FARMER" (Crieff).—Keep your hair on. Mr. Theodore Dahle was born in Hull in 1867, son of an English mother and a naturalised Norwegian father.

Ex-C. S. MAJOR (Brighton).—"It is simply robbery in this town the price they charge for food." Sh! Don't let the shopkeepers hear you.

G. H. E. (Newport, Mon.).—"My idea of JOHN BULL is the perfection of honour and justice." Sir, your idea is the perfection of human perception.

MRS. Y. (Brixworth).—Even at 63, surely a "regular" Major who speaks six different languages and is highly educated, can do better than £2 9s. 7d. a week in an aeroplane factory?

"SHOP-GIRL" (Grays).—The cockroach in the soup was probably an accident. We hesitate to believe it was inserted by the cook to economise in meat, though there is a war on.

"FRIEND" (Devonport).—There seems to be a long, long wail behind you. Do get a laugh on!

"AT 'EM" (Greenock).—You resemble a caterpillar standing on its hind legs in a threatening attitude.

W. H. (Preston).—"The Countess hoped her son would become a true type of JOHN BULL." But not so wide round the waist, let's hope.

"MRS. B." (Scarborough).—"If I win £1,000 in your "Bullets" Competition you will have my blessing." Thanks, but we're afraid that now you'll curse.

"CYMRO" (Aberystwyth).—"Though I have often missed church, 'J.B.' has been religiously gone through each Sunday morning." Perhaps we had better come round with the plate?

Pte. J. W. (B.E.F.).—O lud! "A train going 60 miles an hour; a man shoots at the engine driver—!" What a dirty hound! No, it is "not new," as you say. That engine-driver died 50 years ago—of senile decay.

"MUNITIONS" (Bradford).—Yes, we can find room to record the sustained heroism of Mr. Thorpe Foster, during the Lowmoor explosions. He's a credit to Yorkshire grit and British pluck.

E. S. (Woolston).—"What I hear is that a firm of bakers in the town have been putting sawdust in bread." Let's hope your hearing is defective.

F. J. W. (Finsbury).—Lord Rhondda must have his fair chance as Food Controller.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

FATIGUE

THOSE who have responded to the country's call for men of good will to serve in ways to which they are not accustomed know the strain of the unusual fatigue.

The special constable who has perhaps never in his life stood for four hours at a time in the night in one spot or patrolled a small beat, is tiring an entirely new set of muscles, while the strain of vigilant attention tells severely on his nerves.

Much relief, and renewed vigour for the performance of the day's ordinary work, will be gained by a little extra feeding. Take regularly the palatable nutrient and nerve-restorative, "BYNOGEN," the glycerophosphate food distinguished for its agreeable flavour.

'Bynogen' Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- and 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.
B 18

The Special Constable

Particulars of
The Chalfers Gold Mining Company (1916), Ltd.

(Incorporated in Western Australia).

CAPITAL - £62,500,
Divided into 1,000,000 *Shares of* 1/3d. *each.*

The Company's Mines are situated in the Leonora District of the Mount Margaret Goldfields, Western Australia, and are on the main road from the Township of Leonora.

THE AUCKLAND GOLD MINE has an area of 18 acres, on which three reefs have been opened up and proved to be gold-bearing throughout.

Most of the development work has been done upon the North-West Main Reef. The Main Shaft has been sunk thereon to a depth of 105 ft. upon one of the finest bodies of ore in these Goldfields. At a depth of 80 ft. the reef has a width of 10 ft. payable throughout. Forty-two tons of ore taken from this level yielded 43 ozs. of gold. Further crushing from this development returned 697 ozs. of gold from 600 tons of rock treated at the Government Mill.

The property enjoys all facilities as regards water, transport, labour, and fuel to enable mining to be carried on on a most economical basis.

THE FORTUNA GOLD MINE consists of an area of about 18 acres in the centre of the Main Ore Channel, upon which the chief gold-producing Mines in the district are situated. The Township of Leonora is within five miles of the property on the main road.

The principal gold chute is 500 ft. in length, and has so far been proved to a depth of 150 ft.

There are five Shafts opening up the two reefs.

The last crushing taken from this development gave 36 dwts. of gold to the ton. 1,315 tons of ore have been crushed, yielding 3,895 ozs. of gold of the approximate value of £13,660.

The mining facilities are exceptionally favourable for cheap mining.

The present developments show the soundest prospects for the Mine becoming one of the most prominent permanent gold-producers in these Goldfields.

Latest price 1s. 9d.

Further information can be obtained on application to

AUGUSTUS YOUNG AND CO., LTD.,
Investment Brokers,
Balfour House, London, E.C. 2.
Telephone: London Wall 7001.
Telegrams: Allottable Lec., London.

Foster Clark's

Foster Clark's 2d. Soup Squares make 9 varieties of Delicious Nourishing Soups of unequalled excellence. You Simply add Water.

2d. Soups

FREEMANS
REAL TURTLE SOUP
made in a minute with
Freemans Real
Turtle Cubes.
Four in a box. 1/-
Freeman's SOUPS
Watford

The Food Beverage for all War Workers.
Vi-Cocoa

KEATING'S POWDER
KILLS BODY VERMIN FLEAS MOTH
TINS. 3d., 6d., 1/-

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—FULL OF PROMISE. Bullet:—WHEN SEEKING A LOAN. Example:—STUFF AND NONSENSE. Bullet:—GOVERNMENT THINKS REPRISALS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 11th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated July 21st.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 246.

GERMAN GOVERNMENT	CARRIES WEIGHT	PARTY SPOILS	FULL OF PROMISE
IN A CRITICAL STATE	KEPT IN THE DARK	BAND OF HOPE	BUS CONDUCTRESS
IRISH TROUBLES	UNHEARD OF	FATHER'S KID	HOME SWEET HOME
HIGH AND LOW	KEEPING THEM BUSY	WHAT WIFE WANTS	WHEN HE WOKE UP
CALLING FOR REPRISALS	MIXED BATHING	TAKING IT EASY	GIDDY GIRLS
GOOD EXCUSE	STICKING TO POST	WORTH CONSIDERATION	TIME TO ACT
HUSHING THINGS UP	LORD RHONDDA	STUFF AND NONSENSE	POOR ALLOTMENT
ALL THERE	MY BETTER HALF	A WARM WELCOME	MAKES KAISER FROWN

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 26th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(246) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 246, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 26th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(246) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 26th.**

Example.....

Bullet

Example.....

Bullet

(246) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 247. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 2nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **247** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 247,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 247:

The Russian Offensive	Seaside Flappers	Shocking	Kissing The Maid	Sleeping Partner
Capital Manager	Burning For Revenge	Turning Back	Father's Lot	Passing The Bottle
Up Too Late	War Rations	Looking After Baby	Just As Well	Hot Favourite
Profiteering	Not Coming Out	Impudent Proposal	Clinging To Office	The Kaiser's Boast

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal order for 2d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 243rd 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. L. HOBSON,
65, Heywood Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Example:—RAMSAY MACDONALD.
Bullet:—"SWAB" SAILOR WON'T CARRY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

2nd Lieut. H. JOHNSON, 2nd D.L.I., Eaton Hall, Chester.

Example:—JOHN BULL.
Bullet:—BUSY SETTLING POLITICAL "POSERS."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. C. WALDEN,
24, Ada Road, Brunswick Square, Camberwell, London, S.E.

Example:—HINDENBURG'S LOT.
Bullet:—CONTINUALLY "THROWING UP" ENTRENCHMENTS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. C. WEARE, 927, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield:
NEARLY FINISHED—AUSTRIA ACCORDING TO "DEDUCTIONS."

Mr. G. HAIG, c.o. Messrs. Gillard, 3, New Bond Street Buildings, Bath:
STERN REPRISALS—"COUNTENANCE" AND THEN "FACE."

Miss F. E. APPLEBY, Bedford Villa, Denton Road, Hooley Hill, near Manchester:
NEARLY FINISHED—HER TOILET—HIS PATIENCE.

2/A.M. J. COLVEN, 76336, 21, Silver St., Durham City:
THE GERMAN NAVY—NOT A "CONSPICUOUS" SUCCESS.

Mr. N. JONES, 59, Church Street, Bilston, Staffs:
REPAIRING HOME—HUNS IMAGINE ALL LONDONERS.

Mr. T. H. HUGHES, 1, Crown Place, Harrogate:
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM—AFTER BORROWING FROM MONEYLENDER.

Mr. H. CLIFTON, 6 Marine View, Mill Lane, Forton, Gosport:
WEARING THE TROUSERS—NOTHING TO "BLOW ABOUT."

Mr. R. H. ANDREWS, 10, Chalkwell Pk. Drive, Leigh-on-Sea:
WAITING TO BE FETCHED—"BEING" CRITICISED BY EVERYONE.

Mr. R. STANCOMBE, 40, Granville St., Harle Syke, Burnley:
JOHN BULL—KAISER DOESN'T "ORDER" YET.

Mr. J. C. DUGGIN, 9, Beecholme Rd., Clapton, London:
CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY—GREATLY "ENERCISING" THE ENEMY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. ROY COLLINS, Ivy Cottage, 67, Crabtree Lane, Pitsmoor, Sheffield:
SWEET NOTHINGS—"CONVENTIONS" TO THE IRISH.

H. ASPINALL, E.R.A., H.M. Submarine C.9, c.o. G.P.O.:
STERN REPRISALS—REJECTED—ON "RELIGIOUS GROUNDS."

Miss KATIE HIGGINSON, 22, Golf Terrace, Portrush, Ireland:
CONTROLLING PRICES—"INFLATORS" GET "WIND" FIRST.

Mr. HERBERT DENNIS, 21, Grosvenor Ter., Halifax:
WAITING TO BE FETCHED—OBJECTOR THEN "TAKEN SERIOUSLY."

Mr. WILLIAM PERKIN, 19, Turner St., Westhoughton:
THE KAISER'S LUCK—DOESN'T "ACCOMPANY" HIS TROOPS.

Mr. T. H. WARREN, Leigh Villa, 18, Glenville Rd., Yeovil:
THE GERMAN NAVY—ONE THING WE'VE "CONTROLLED."

Mr. SIDNEY MEECH, Kingston, Yeovil:
HINDENBURG'S LOT—MUST "CEASE" TO "EXIST."

Mr. H. M. POWELL, 15, Little James St., London, W.C.1:
UP AND DOING—SCAFFOLDS AFTER THE WAR.

Lieut. D. J. JONES, R.I.R., c.o. Jones and Co., Kinsale, Co. Cork:
WHAT FATHER SAYS—GIRLS ARE "CONQUERING" HEROES.

Mr. W. SHARP, 42, Abbey Street, Carlisle:
RAMSAY MACDONALD—LITTLE "POT," BIG "SPOUT." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Get this British Skin Remedy

Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and ointments utterly fail. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. People whose lives were utter misery owing to cruel eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by rash, eruption or ugly spots, victims of bad legs tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema, the wonder-worker. To-day not a single sign of skin illness remains.

The most amazing thing about Antexema is the immediate relief it gives. One minute you are tortured beyond endurance, and then you apply Antexema. Instantly the inflamed spot is cooled and soothed, the horrible stinging itching stops and in a short time your skin is thoroughly well again.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a beautiful, non-poisonous, healing cream, prepared from the prescription of the well-known physician who discovered this marvellous remedy. Antexema cures eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches, bad legs, bad hands, scalp trouble, insect bites, and every other skin illness of infants or adults.

Antexema ends every Skin Illness

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or post free in plain wrapper 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Road Signs Interpreted—No. 5.

The Local Government Board Official Triangular Sign, marking dangerous corners, cross roads, precipitous places, &c. Sometimes emphasised by an R.A.C. sign in addition.

Palmers for Hill Climbing

—make pedal energy accomplish more. The Palmer Fabric Foundation minimises internal friction and gives them double the life—in both senses—of ordinary canvas foundation tyres. Three of the several grades.

	Wired.	Beaded.	Tubes.
STANDARD -	11/-	11/3	5/-
SPECIAL -	17/-	17/3	7/9
Buccaneer - -	7/6	7/9	3/9

THE PALMER TYRE, LTD., 119/123, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.; Cycle Tyre and Repair Depot, 103, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

PALMER CYCLE TYRES

Send a P.C. for Map Book.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing on THEIR covers any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in correct claim:—

SAPPER W. MARSHALL, 223rd Field Coy., Royal Engineers, 31st Division, B.E.F. June 9th. A 081131.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 14th:—

036,683	349,432	636,751	934,852	A210,936
045,107	368,350	672,095	959,335	A237,154
079,629	419,349	716,144	976,629	A385,430
092,700	427,255	748,412	992,864	A387,120
108,353	440,129	769,883	A006,941	A409,735
127,134	479,700	795,739	A032,885	A441,114
174,649	524,923	827,671	A064,111	A478,944
226,941	536,838	859,987	A080,916	A486,089
283,685	561,523	884,373	A125,309	A523,722
327,957	585,865	920,156	A183,241	A548,261

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published July 25th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for July 14, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers A89,614 and A489,476. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 96, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, and exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

July 21st, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is desired

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

July 21st, 1917.

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—FULL OF PROMISE. Bullet:—WHEN SEEKING A LOAN. Example:—STUFF AND NONSENSE. Bullet:—GOVERNMENT THINKS REPRISALS. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 11th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated July 21st.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 246.

GERMAN GOVERNMENT	CARRIES WEIGHT	PARTY SPOILS	FULL OF PROMISE
IN A CRITICAL STATE	KEPT IN THE DARK	BAND OF HOPE	BUS CONDUCTRESS
IRISH TROUBLES	UNHEARD OF	FATHER'S KID	HOME SWEET HOME
HIGH AND LOW	KEEPING THEM BUSY	WHAT WIFE WANTS	WHEN HE WOKE UP
CALLING FOR REPRISALS	MIXED BATHING	TAKING IT EASY	GIDDY GIRLS
GOOD EXCUSE	STICKING TO POST	WORTH CONSIDERATION	TIME TO ACT
HUSHING THINGS UP	LORD RHONDDA	STUFF AND NONSENSE	POOR ALLOTMENT
ALL THERE	MY BETTER HALF	A WARM WELCOME	MAKES KAISER FROWN

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 26th.**
Example.....
Bullet

Example.....
Bullet

(246) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed.....
Address.....

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 246, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 26th.**
Example.....
Bullet

Example.....
Bullet

(246) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed.....
Address.....

No._____ **Closing Date, Thursday, July 26th.**
Example.....
Bullet

Example.....
Bullet

(246) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed.....
Address.....

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 247. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 2nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **247** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 247,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 247:

The Russian Offensive	Seaside Flappers	Shocking	Kissing The Maid	Sleeping Partner
Capital Manager	Burning For Revenge	Turning Back	Father's Lot	Passing The Bottle
Up Too Late	War Rations	Looking After Baby	Just As Well	Hot Favourite
Profiteering	Not Coming Out	Impudent Proposal	Clinging To Office	The Kaiser's Boast

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 243rd 'BULLETS' COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. L. HOBSON,
65, Heywood Street, Moss Side, Manchester.
Example:—RAMSAY MACDONALD.
Bullet:—"SWAB" SAILOR WON'T CARRY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

2nd Lieut. H. JOHNSON, 2nd D.L.I., Eaton Hall, Chester.
Example:—JOHN BULL.
Bullet:—BUSY SETTLING POLITICAL "POSERS."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. C. WALDEN,
24, Ada Road, Brunswick Square, Camberwell, London, S.E.
Example:—HINDENBURG'S LOT.
Bullet:—CONTINUALLY "THROWING UP" ENTRENCHMENTS.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. C. WEARP, 927, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield:
NEARLY FINISHED—AUSTRIA ACCORDING TO "DEDUCTIONS."

Mr. G. HAIG, c.o. Messrs. Gillard, 3, New Bond Street Buildings, Bath:
STERN REPRISALS—"COUNTENANCE" AND THEN "FACE."

Miss F. E. APPLEBY, Bedford Villa, Denton Road, Hooley Hill, near Manchester:
NEARLY FINISHED—HER TOILET—HIS PATIENCE.

2/A.M. J. COLVEN, 76336, 21, Silver St., Durham City:
THE GERMAN NAVY—NOT A "CONSPICUOUS" SUCCESS.

Mr. N. JONES, 59, Church Street, Bilston, Staffs:
REPAIRING HOME—HUNS IMAGINE ALL LONDONERS.

Mr. T. H. HUGHES, 1, Crown Place, Harrogate:
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM—AFTER BORROWING FROM MONEYLENDER.

Mr. H. CLIFTON, 6 Marine View, Mill Lane, Fenton, Gosport:
WEARING THE TROUSERS—NOTHING TO "BLOW ABOUT."

Mr. R. H. ANDREWS, 10, Chalkwell Pk. Drive, Leigh-on-Sea:
WAITING TO BE FETCHED—"BEING" CRITICISED BY EVERYONE.

Mr. R. STANCOMBE, 40, Granville St., Harle Syke, Barnsley:
JOHN BULL—KAISER DOESN'T "ORDER" YET.

Mr. J. C. DUGGIN, 9, Beecholme Rd., Clipton, London:
CONTEMPTIBLE LITTLE ARMY—GREATLY "EXERCISING" THE ENEMY.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. ROY COLLINS, Ivy Cottage, 67, Crabtree Lane, Fishmoor, Sheffield:
SWEET NOTHINGS—"CONVENTIONS" TO THE IRISH.

H. ASPINALL, E.R.A., H.M. Submarine C.o, c.o. G.P.O.:
STERN REPRISALS—REJECTED—ON "RELIGIOUS GROUNDS."

Miss KATIE HIGGINSON, 22, Golf Terrace, Portrush, Ireland:
CONTROLLING PRICES—"INFLATORS" GET "WIND" FIRST.

Mr. HERBERT DENNIS, 21, Grosvenor Ter., Halifax:
WAITING TO BE FETCHED—OBJECTOR THEN "TAKEN SERIOUSLY."

Mr. WILLIAM PERKIN, 19, Turner St., Westhoughton:
THE KAISER'S LUCK—DOESN'T "ACCOMPANY" HIS TROOPS.

Mr. T. H. WARREN, Leigh Villa, 18, Glenville Rd., Yeovil:
THE GERMAN NAVY—ONE THING WE'VE "CONTROLLED."

Mr. SIDNEY MEECH, Kingston, Yeovil:
HINDENBURG'S LOT—MUST "CEASE" TO "EXIST."

Mr. H. M. POWELL, 15, Little James St., London, W.C.1:
UP AND DOING—SCAFFOLDS AFTER THE WAR.

Lieut. D. J. JONES, R.I.R., c.o. Jones and Co., Kinsale, Co. Cork:
WHAT FATHER SAYS—GIRLS ARE "CONQUERING" HEROES.

Mr. W. SHARP, 42, Abbey Street, Carlisle:
RAMSAY MACDONALD—LITTLE "POT," BIG "SPOUT."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Get this British Skin Remedy

Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and ointments utterly fail. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. People whose lives were utter misery owing to cruel eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by rash, eruption or ugly spots, victims of bad legs tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema, the wonder-worker. To-day not a single sign of skin illness remains.

The most amazing thing about Antexema is the immediate relief it gives. One minute you are tortured beyond endurance, and then you apply Antexema. Instantly the inflamed spot is cooled and soothed, the horrible stinging itching stops and in a short time your skin is thoroughly well again.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a beautiful, non-poisonous, healing cream, prepared from the prescription of the well-known physician who discovered this marvellous remedy. Antexema cures eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches, bad legs, bad hands, scalp trouble, insect bites, and every other skin illness of infants or adults.

Antexema ends every Skin Illness

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., and Lewis and Burrows, at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, or post free in plain wrapper 1s. 6d. and 3s. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and Europe.

Road Signs Interpreted—No. 5.

The Local Government Board Official Triangular Sign, marking dangerous corners, cross roads, precipitous places, &c. Sometimes emphasised by an R.A.C. sign in addition.

Palmers for Hill Climbing

—make pedal energy accomplish more. The Palmer Fabric Foundation minimises internal friction and gives them double the life—in both senses—of ordinary canvas foundation tyres. Three of the several grades.

	Wired.	Beaded.	Tube.
STANDARD	11/-	11/3	5/-
SPECIAL	17/-	17/3	7/9
Buccaneer	7/6	7/9	3/9

THE PALMER TYRE, LTD., 119/123, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.; Cycle Tyre and Repair Depot, 103, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

PALMER CYCLE TYRES

Send a P.O. for Map Book.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following has sent in correct claim:—

SAPPER W. MARSHALL, 223rd Field Coy., Royal Engineers, 31st Division, B.E.F. June 9th. A 081131.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 14th:—

036,683	349,432	638,751	934,852	A210,936
045,107	366,350	672,095	959,335	A237,154
079,629	419,349	716,144	976,629	A335,430
092,930	437,265	743,412	992,864	A387,120
108,353	440,129	769,883	A006,941	A409,735
127,134	479,700	795,729	A032,885	A441,114
174,649	524,923	827,071	A064,111	A478,944
226,941	536,838	859,987	A080,918	A486,089
283,685	561,523	884,373	A125,309	A523,722
327,957	585,805	920,156	A183,241	A548,261

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published July 25th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for July 14, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 189,614 and A489,476. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an Insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be Insured, Irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader [man, woman or child] who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged [whether it be private residence or shop] or residence in connection with a shop] or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

July 21st, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

July 21st, 1917.

Mr. Matheson Lang

the Famous Actor says:

"Hall's Wine is an excellent Tonic when one is tired or run-down, and an invaluable 'pick-me-up' after a long and strenuous performance."

We are all suffering from nerves and anxiety these days as a result of worry and overwork; weakness, exhaustion, sleeplessness and depression are the inevitable results.

In these cases the tonic and vitalising effects of Hall's Wine are nothing short of marvellous. Hall's Wine creates new nerve force, enriches the blood, and builds up the bodily strength to resist fatigue.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

Where a change or holiday is not possible the best tonic is a bottle of Hall's Wine. It gives the strength to "carry on."

A patient writes: "Being run-down through overwork, I took Hall's Wine, and it braced me so effectively that I have pinned my faith to it."

Extra Large Size, 4/6. Smaller, 2/9.

Of Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with wine licences.

Propra. Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London. 736

The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

"Thank goodness, I still have my mouth."

When the days are hot and the fights are hotter, there is nothing so highly appreciated by our Tommies as a bar or two of Wrigley's. On every occasion—wherever there is a lad in khaki—the famous Wrigley Chewing Gum is in constant and ever-increasing demand. Wrigley's has become an essential feature of this great War.

1. It is a thirst quencher.
2. It relieves fatigue.
3. It strengthens and preserves the teeth.

The British Government have ordered large supplies for our Troops abroad, thus endorsing its many useful qualities. It is also supplied to the Red Cross for use in Hospitals.

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

Send to your Soldier friends. Enclose a packet in every letter you write.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd.).

WRIGLEY Ltd. LONDON, S.E. 1.

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